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The Vailed Sorceress; LA MASQUE, THE MIDNIGHT QUEEN.

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Author of "The Dark Secret," "The Twin Sisters," "An Awful Mystery," "Erminie; or, The Gipsy Queen's Vow," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE SORCERESS.

THE plague raged in the city of London. The destroying angel had gone forth, and kindled with its fiery breath the awful pestilence, until all London became one mighty lazar-house. Thousands were swept away daily; grass grew in the streets, and the living were scarce able to bury the dead. Business of all kinds was at an end, except that of the coffin-makers and drivers of the pest-carts. Whole streets were shut up, and almost every other house in the city bore the fatal red cross, and the ominous inscription: "Lord have mercy on Few people save the watchmen, armed with halberts, keeping guard over the stricken houses, appeared in the streets; and those who ventured there, shrunk from each other, passed rapidly on with averted faces. Many even fell dead on the sidewalk, and lay with their ghastly, discolored faces upturned to the mocking sunlight, until the dead cart came rattling along, and the drivers hoisted the body with their pitchforks on the top of their dread-ful load. Few other vehicles besides those same dead-carts appeared in the city now; and they plied their trade busily, day and night; and the cry of the drivers echoed dismally through the deserted streets: "Bring out your dead! bring out your dead!" All who could do so had long ago fled from the devoted city; and London lay under the burning heat of the June sunshine, stricken for its sins by the hand of God. The pest-houses were full, so were the plague-pits, where the dead were hurled in cartfuls; and no one knew who rose up in health in the morning but that they might be lying stark and dead in a few hours. The very churches were forsaken; their pastors fled or lying in the plague-pits; and it was even resolved to convert the great cathedral of St. Paul into a vast plague-hospital. Cries and lamentations echoed from one end of the city to the other, and Death and Charles reigned over London together.

Yet, in the midst of all this, many scenes of wild orgies and debauchery still went on within its gates—as, in our own day, when the cholera ravaged Paris, the inhabitants of that facetious city made it a carnival, so now, in London, there were many who, feeling they had but a few days to live at the most, resolv ed to defy death, and indulge in the revelry while they yet existed. "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die!" was their motto; and if in the midst of the frantic dance or debauched revel one of them dropped dead, the others only shrieked with laughter, hurled the livid body out to the street, and the demoniac mirth grew twice as fast and furious as before. Robbers and cut-purses paraded the streets at noonday, entered boldly closed and deserted houses, and bore off, with impunity, whatever pleased. Highwaymen infested Hounslow Heath, and all the roads leading from the city, levying a toll on all who passed, and plundering fearlessly the flying citizens. In fact, far-famed London town, in the year of grace 1665, would have given one a good idea of Pandemonium broke loose.

It was drawing to the close of an almost tropical June day, that the crowd who had thronged the precincts of St. Paul's since early morn ing, began to disperse. The sun, that had throbbed the live-long day like a great heart of fire in a sea of brass, was sinking from sight in clouds of crimson, purple and gold, yet Paul's walk was crowded. There were court-gallants in ruffles and plumes; ballad-singers chanting the not-over delicate ditties of the Earl of Ro chester; usurers exchanging gold for bonds worth three times what they gave for them; quack-doctors reading in dolorous tones the bills of mortality of the preceding day, and selling plague-waters and anti-pestilential abominations, whose merit they loudly extolled; ladies, too, richly dressed, and many of them masked; and booksellers who always made St. Paul's a favorite haunt, and even to this day patronize its precincts, and flourish in the regions of Paternoster Row and Ave Maria Lane: court pages in rich liveries, pert and flippant serving-men out of place, and pickpockets with a keen eye to business; all clashed and jostled together, raising a din to which the Plain of Shinar, with its confusion of tongues and Babylonish workmen, were as nothing. Moving serenely through this discordant sea

of his fellow-creatures came a young man booted and spurred, whose rich doublet of cherrycolored velvet, edged and spangled with gold, and jaunty hat set slightly on one side of his head, with its long black plume and diamond clasp, proclaimed him to be somebody. A profusion of snowy shirt-frill rushed impetuously out of his doublet; a black-velvet cloak, lined with amber-satin, fell picturesquely from his shoulders; a sword with a jeweled hilt clanked on the pavement as he walked. One hand was



While Sir Norman gazed in astonishment and incredulity, the scene faded away and another took its place.

perfumed to a degree that would shame any belle of to-day; the other, which rested lightly on his sword-hilt, flashed with a splendid opal, splendidly set. He was a handsome fellow, too, with fair, waving hair (for he had the good taste to discard the ugly wigs then in vogue) dark, bright, handsome eyes, a thick blonde mustache, a tall and remarkably graceful figure, and an expression of countenance wherein easy good-nature and fiery impetuosity had a hard struggle for mastery. That he courtier of rank, was apparent from his rich attire and rather aristocratic bearing, and a crowd of hangers-on followed him as he went, loudly demanding spur-money. A group of timbrel girls, singing shrilly the songs of the day, called boldly to him as he passed; and one of them, more free and easy than the rest, danced up to him, striking her timbrel, and shouting rather than singing the chorus of the

then popular ditty:

"What care I for pest or plague?
We can die but once, God wot,
Kiss me, darling—stay with me;
Love me—love me, leave me no The darling in question turned his bright

covered with a gauntlet of canary-colored kid, | blue eyes on that dashing street-singer with a

cool glance of recognition.
"Very sorry, Nell," he said, in a nonchalant tone, "but I'm afraid I must. How long have you been here, may I ask?"

A full hour by St. Paul's; and where has Sir Norman Kingsley been, may I ask? I thought you were dead of the plague.' Not exactly. Have you seen—ah! there

e is. The very man I want."
With which Sir Norman Kingsley dropped a gold piece into the girl's extended palm, and

pushed on through the crowd up Paul's Walk. A tall, dark figure was leaning moolily with folded arms, looking fixedly at the ground, and taking no notice of the busy scene around him, until Sir Norman laid his ungloved and jeweled hand lightly on his shoulder.

"Good-morning, Ormiston! I had an idea I would find you here, and—but what's the matter with you, man? Have you got the plague? or has your mysterious inamorata jilted you? or what other annoyance has happened to make you look as woebegone as old King Lear, sent adrift by his tender daughters to take care of

The individual addressed lifted his head, disclosing a dark and rather handsome face, settled now into a look of gloomy discontent. He slightly raised his hat as he saw who his ques-

Ah! it's you, Sir Norman! I had given up all notion of your coming, and was about to den of thieves. What has detained you?"

den of thieves. What has detained you?"

in time to keep our appointment?"
"Oh, certainly! La Masque is at home to visitors at all hours, day and night. I believe in my soul she doesn't know what sleep

"And you are still as much in love with her as ever, I dare swear! I have no doubt, now, it was of her you were thinking when I came o. Nothing else could ever have made you ok so dismally woebegone as you did when

Providence sent me to your relief "I was thinking of her," said the young man, moodily, and with a darkening brow. Sir Norman favored him with a half-amused, half-contemptuous stare for a moment; then stopped at a huckster's stall to purchase some

igarettes; lit one, and, after smoking for a ew minutes, pleasantly remarked, as if the act had just struck him:

act had just struck him:

"Ormiston, you're a fool!"

"I know it!" said Ormiston, sententiously.

"The idea," said Sir Norman, knocking the shes daintily off the end of his cigar with the ip of his little finger—"the idea of falling in love with a woman whose face you have never the idea. I can understand a man's going to any een! I can understand a man's going to any absurd extreme when he falls in love in proper

ibsurd extreme when he falls in love in proper Christian fashion, with a proper Christian face; but to go stark, staring mad, as you have done, my dear fellow, about a black loo mask, why—I consider that a little too much of a good thing! Come, let us go."

Nodding easily to his numerous acquaintances as he went, Sir Norman Kingsley sauntered leisurely down Paul's Walk, and out through the great door of the eathedral, followed by his melancholy friend. Pausing for a moment to gaze at the gorgeous sunset with a look of languid admiration, Sir Norman passed his arm through that of his friend, and they walked on at rather a rapid pace, in the direction. walked on at rather a rapid pace, in the direc-tion of old London Bridge. There were few people abroad, except the watchmen walking beopie abroad, except the waterimen walking slowly up and down before the plague-stricken houses; but in every street they passed through they noticed huge piles of wood and coal heaped down the center. Smoking zealously, they had walked on for a season in silence, when Orniston ceased puffing for a moment, to in-

""
"What are all these for? This is a strange time, I should imagine, for bonfires."
"They're not bonfires," said Sir Norman; "at least, they are not intended for that; and if your head was not fuller of that masked Witch of Endor than common sense (for I believe she is nothing better than a witch), you could not have helped knowing. The Lord Mayor of London has been inspired, suddenly, with a noion, that if several thousand fires are kindled at once in the streets, it will purify the air, and check the pestilence; so when St. Paul's tolls the hour of midnight, all these piles are to be fired. It will be a glorious illumination, no doubt; but as to its stopping the progress of the plague, I am afraid that it is altogether too good to be true

Why should you doubt it? The plague cannot last forever.

"No. But Lilly, the astrologer, who predicted its coming, also foretold that it would last for many months yet; and since one prophecy has come true, I see no reason why the other should not."

Except the simple one that there would be nobody left alive to take it. All London will be lying in the plague-pits by that time."

"A pleasant prospect; but a true one, I have no doubt. And, as I have no ambition to be hurled headlong into one of those horrible holes, shall leave town altogether in a few days. And, Ormiston, I would strongly recommend

you to follow my example."
"Not I!" said Ormiston, in a tone of gloomy resolution. "While La Masque stays, so will I." And perhaps die of the plague in a week. "So be it! I don't fear the plague half as much as I do the thought of losing her!"

Again Sir Norman stared. 'Oh, I see! It's a hopeless case! Faith, I begin to feel curious to see this enchantress, who has managed so effectually to turn your brain.

When did you see her last?"

"Yesterday," said Ormiston, with a deep sigh. "And if she were made of granite, she could not be harder to me than she is!"

"So she doesn't care about you, then?"
"Not she! She has a little Blenheim lap-dog, that she loves a thousand times more than she

'Then what an idiot you are, to keep haunting her like her shadow! Why don't you be a man, and tear out from your heart such a god-

"Ah! that's easily said; but if you were in

my place, you'd act exactly as I do."
"I don't believe it. It's not in me to go mad about anything with a masked face and a mar-ble heart. If I loved any woman—which, thank Fortune, at this present time I do not—and she had the bad taste not to return it, I should take my hat, make her a bow, and go directly and love somebody else made of flesh and blood, instead of cast-iron! You know the old song, Ormiston:

'If she be not fair for me What care I how fair she be!'"

"Kingsley, you know nothing about it!" said Ormiston, impatiently. "So stop talking nonsense. If you are cold-blooded, I am not; and —I love her!"

Sir Norman slightly shrugged his shoulders, and flung his smoked-out weed into a heap of

"Are we near her house?" he asked. "Yonder is the bridge."

"And yonder is the house," replied Ormiston, pointing to a large, ancient building-ancient even for those times—with three stories each projecting over the other. "See! while the houses on either side are marked as peststricken, hers alone bears no cross. So it is those who cling to life are stricken with death and those who, like me, are desperate, even death shuns."

Why, my dear Ormiston, you surely are not so far gone as that? Upon my honor, I had no idea you were in such a bad way."

I am nothing but a miserable wretch! and I wish to Heaven I was in yonder dead-cart with the rest of them-and she, too, if she never

Ormiston spoke with such fierce earnestne that there was no doubting his sincerity; and Sir Norman became profoundly shocked—so much so, that he did not speak again until they were almost at the door. Then he opened his lips to ask, in a subdued tone:

"She has predicted the future for you-what did she foretell?"

"Nothing good; no fear of there being any thing in store for such an unlucky dog as I "Where did she learn this wonderful black

art of hers!" "In the East, I believe. She has been there and all over the world; and now visits England

for the first time." "She has chosen a sprightly season for her Is she not afraid of the plague, I won-

"No; she fears nothing," said Ormiston, as he knocked loudly at the door. "I begin to believe she is made of adamant instead of what

other women are made of." "Which is a rib, I believe," observed Sir Norman, thoughtfully. "And that accounts, I dare say, for their being of such a crooked and cantankerous nature. They're a wonderful race, women are; and for what inscrutable reason i has pleased Providence to create them-

The opening of the door brought to a sudden end this little touch of moralizing, and a wrinkled old porter thrust out a very withered and unlovely face.

"Is La Masque at home?" inquired Ormis ton, stepping in, without ceremony.

The old man nodded, and pointed up-stairs and with a "This way, Kingsley," Ormiston sprung lightly up, three at a time, followed in the same style by Sir Norman.

You seem pretty well acquainted with the latitude and longitude of this place," observed that young gentleman, as they passed into room at the head of the stairs.

'I ought to be; I've been here often enough, said Ormiston. "This is the common waiting room for all who wish to consult La Masque That old bag of bones who let us in has gone to

Sir Norman took a seat, and glanced curious ly round the room. It was a commonplace apartment enough, with a floor of polished black oak, slippery as ice, and shining like glass; a few old Flemish paintings on the walls; a large, round table in the center of the floor, on which lay a pair of the old musical instruments called "virginals." Two large, curtainless windows, with minute diamond-shaped panes, set in leaden casements, admitted the golden and crimson light.

For the reception-room of a sorceress," re marked Sir Norman, with an air of disappointed criticism, "there is nothing very wonderful about all this. How is it she spaes fortunes. anyway? As Lilly does by maps and charts or as these old Eastern mufti do it by magic mirrors and all such fooleries?"

"Neither," said Ormiston; "her style is more like that of the Indian almechs, who show you your destiny in a well. She has a sort of magic lake in her room, and—but you will see it all

for yourself presently." "I have always heard," said Sir Norman, in the same meditative way, "that truth lies at the bottom of a well, and I am glad some one has turned up at last who is able to find it out. Here comes our ancient Mercury to show us to the presence of your goddess."

The door opened, and the "old bag of bones," as Ormiston irreverently styled his lady-love" ancient domestic, made a sign for them to fol low him. Leading the way down a long corri dor, he flung open a pair of shining folding doors at the end, and ushered them at once int the majestic presence of the sorceress and he magic room. Both gentlemen doffed their Ormiston stepped forward at plumed hats. once; but Sir Norman discreetly paused in the doorway to contemplate the scene of action. As he slowly did so, a look of deep displeasure settled on his features, on finding it not half so awful as he had supposed.

In some ways it was very like the room they had left, being low, large and square, and hav-ing floors, walls and ceiling paneled with glossy black oak. But it had no windows-a large bronze lamp, suspended from the center of the ceiling, shed a flickering, ghostly light. There were no paintings—some grim carvings of skulls, skeletons, and serpents, pleasantly wreathed the room—neither were there seats nor tables—nothing but a huge ebony caldron at the upper end of the apartment, over which a grinning skeleton on wires, with a scythe ir one band of bone, and an hour-glass in the kept watch and ward. Opposite this cheerful-looking guardian was a tall figure in black, standing as motionless as if it, too, was carved in ebony. It was a female figure, very tall and slight, but as beautifully symmetrical as a Venus Celestis. Her dress was of black velvet, that swept the polished floor, spangled all over with stars of gold and rich rubies. profusion of shining black hair fell in waves and curls almost to her feet; but her face, from forehead to chin, was completely hidden by a black velvet mask. In one hand, exquisitel small and white, she held a gold casket, blazing (like her dress) with rubies, and with the other she toyed with a tame viper, that had twined itself round her wrist. This was doubtless La Masque, and becoming conscious of that fact, Sir Norman made her a low and courtly bow She returned it by a slight bend of the head, and turning toward his companion, spoke:
"You here again, Mr. Ormiston! To what

am I indebted for the honor of two visits in two Her voice, Sir Norman thought, was the sweetest he had ever heard, musical as a chime of silver bells, soft as the tones of an æolian

harp through which the west wind plays. Madam, I am aware my visits are undesired," said Ormiston, with a flushing cheek and slightly tremulous voice; "but I have merely come with my friend, Sir Norman Kingsley who wishes to know what the future has in

Thus invoked, Sir Norman Kingsley stepped forward, with another low bow, to the masked

lady. Yes madam. I have long heard that those fair fingers can withdraw the curtain of the future, and I have come to see what Dame Destiny is going to do for me."

Sir Norman Kingsley is welcome," said the sweet voice, "and shall see what he desires. There is but one condition, that he will keep

perfectly silent; for if he speaks, the scene he

beholds will vanish. Come forward!" Sir Norman compressed his lips as closely as if they were forever hermetically sealed, and came forward accordingly. Leaning over the edge of the ebony caldron, he found that it contained nothing more dreadful than water, for he labored under a vague and unpleasant idea that, like the witches' caldron in Macbeth it might be filled with serpents' blood and children's brains. La Masque opened her golden asket, and took from it a portion of red powder, with which it was filled. Casting it into the caldron, she murmured an invocation in Sanscrit, or Coptic, or some other unknown tongue, and slowly there arose a dense cloud of dark-red smoke, that nearly filled the room Had Sir Norman ever read the story of Aladdin, he would probably have thought of it then but the young courtier did not greatly affect literature of any kind, and thought of nothing now but of seeing something when the smoke cleared away. It was rather long in doing and when it did, he saw nothing at last but his own handsome, half-serious, half-incredulous face; but gradually a picture, distinct and clear, formed itself at the bottom, and Sir Norman gazed with bewildered eyes. He saw a large room filled with a sparkling crowd, many of them ladies, splendidly arrayed and flashing in jewels, and foremost among them stood on whose beauty surpassed anything he had ever before dreamed of. She wore the robes of a queen, purple and ermine—diamonds blazed on the beautiful neck, arms and fingers, and a tiara of the same brilliants crowned her regal head In one hand she held a scepter: what seemed to be a throne was behind her, but something that surprised Sir Norman most of all was, to find himself standing beside her, the cynosure of all eyes. While he yet gazed in mingled as tonishment and incredulity, the scene faded away, and another took its place. This time a lungeon-cell, damp and dismal; walls, and floor, and coiling covered with green and bideous lime. A small lamp stood on the floor, and by its sickly, watery gleam, he saw himself again standing, pale and dejected, near the wall. But he was not alone; the same glittering vision in purple and diamonds stood before him, and uddenly he drew his sword and plunged it up to the hilt in her heart! The beautiful vision fell like a stone at his feet, and the sword was drawn out reeking with her life-blood. The was a little too much for the real Sir Norman and with an expression of indignant consterns tion, he sprung upright. Instantly it all faded away, and the reflection of his own excited face ooked up at him from the caldron.

"I told you not to speak," said La Masque, quietly; "but you must look on still another

Again she threw a portion of the contents of the casket into the caldron, and "spake aloud the words of power." Another cloud of smoke arose and filled the room, and when it cleared away, Sir Norman beheld a third and less startling sight. The scene and place he could not discover, but it seemed to him like night and a Two men were lying on the ground, and bound fast together, it appeared to him. he looked it faded away, and once more his own face seemed to mock him in the clear wa-

"Do you know those two last figures?" asked the lady. "I do," said Sir Norman, promptly; "it was

Ormiston and myself." "Right! and one of them was dead."
"Dead!" exclaimed Sir Norman, with a pereptible start. "Which one, madam?"

If you cannot tell that neither can I If there is anything further you wish to see, I am quite willing to show it to you."
"I'm obliged to you," said Sir Norman, step

ping back; "but no more at present, thank rou. Do you mean to say, madam, that I'm ome day to murder a lady, especially one so peautiful as she I just now saw?

"I have said nothing—all you've seen will come to pass, and whether your destiny be for good or evil, I have nothing to do with it, except," said the sweet voice, earnestly, "that if La Masque could strew Sir Norman Kingsley's pathway with roses, she would most assuredly

'Madam, you are too kind," said that you rentleman, laving his hand on his heart, while Ormiston scowled darkly—"more especially as I've the misfortune to be a perfect stranger to

Not so, Sir Norman. I have known you this many a day; and before long we shall be better acquainted. Permit me to wish you

At this gentle hint, both gentlemen bowed nemselves out, and soon found themselves in the street, with very different expressions of countenance—Sir Norman looking considerably eased and decidedly puzzled, and Mr. Ormis on looking savagely and uncompromisingly calous. The animated skeleton who had adnitted them closed the door after them; and the two friends stood in the twilight on London Bridge.

CHAPTER II.

"Well," said Ormiston, drawing a long reath, "what do you think of that?" "Think? Don't ask me yet," said Sir Norman, looking rather bewildered. "I'm in such

a state of mystification that I don't rightly know whether I'm standing on my head or feet For one thing, I have come to the conclusion that your masked lady-love must be enchant ingly beautiful"

Have I not told you that a thousand times. oh, thou of little faith? But why have you come to such a conclusion?

Because no woman with such a figure, such voice, and such hands could be otherwise. "I knew you would own it some day. Do you wonder now that I love her?"

"Oh! as to loving her," said Sir Norman, coolly, "that's quite another thing. I could no more love her for her hands, voice and shape, than I could a figure in wood or wax: but I admire her vastly, and think her exremely clever. I will never forget that face in the caldron. It was the most exquisitely beautiful I ever saw."

"In love with the shadow of a face! Why, ou are a thousandfold more absurd than I. " said Sir Norman, thoughtfully, don't know as I'm in love with it; but if see a living face like it, I certainly shall be How did La Masque do it, I wonder

"You had better ask her," said Ormiston. bitterly. 'She seems to have taken an unusual interest in you at first sight. She would strew your path with roses, forsooth! Nothing arthly, I believe, would make her say anything

half so tender to me.' Sir Norman laughed, and stroked his mus-

"All a matter of taste, my dear fellow; and these women are noted for their perfection in that line. I begin to admire La Masque more and more, and I think you had better give up the chase, and let me take your place. I don't believe you have the ghost of a chance, Ormis-

"I don't believe it myself," said Ormiston, with a desperate face; "but until the plague carries me off, I cannot give her up; and the sooner that happens the better. Ha! what is

and, as he spoke, the door of an adjoining house was flung open, a woman rushed wildly out, fled down an adjoining street, and disap-

Sir Norman and his companion looked at each other, and then at the hou

"What's all this about?" demanded Ormis-"That's a question I can't take it upon my-self to answer," said Sir Norman; "and the

only way to solve the mystery is, to go in and It may be the plague," said Ormiston, hesitating. "Yet the house is not marked.

is a watchman. I will ask him."

The man with the halberd in his hand was walking up and down before an adjoining house, bearing the ominous red cross and piteous inscription: "Lord have mercy on us!" "I don't know, sir," was his answer to Ormiston. "If any one there has the plague, they must have taken it lately; for I heard this morning there was to be a wedding there to-

"I never heard of any one screaming in that fashion about a wedding," said Ormiston, doubtfully. "Do you know who lives there?"

No, sir. I only came here, myself, yester day, but two or three times to-day I have seen very beautiful young lady looking out of the

Ormiston thanked the man, and went back to report to his friend.

"A beautiful young lady!" said Sir Norman, th energy. "Then I mean to go directly up with energy. and see about it, and you can follow or not, just

as you please. So saying, Sir Norman entered the open doorway, and found himself in a long hall, flanked by a couple of doors on each side. These he opened in rapid succession, finding nothing but silence and solitude: and Ormiston -who, upon reflection, chose to follow-ran up a wide and sweeping staircase at the end of the hall. Sir Norman followed him, and they came to a hall similar to the one below. A door to the right lay open; and both entered without ceremony, and looked around.

Just enough light stole through the oriel window at the further end, draped with crimson satin, embroidered with gold, to show it. floor was of veined wood of many colors, arranged in fanciful mosaics, and strewn with Turkish rugs and Persian mats of gorgeous colors. The walls were carved, the ceiling corniced, and all fretted with gold network and gilded moldings. On a couch covered with crimson satin, like the window drapery, lay a cithren and some loose sheets of music. Near it was a small marble table, covered with books and drawings, with a decanter of wine and an exquisite little goblet of Bohemian glass. marble mantel was strewn with ornaments of porcelain and alabaster, and a beautifully carved vase of Parian marble stood in the cer ter, filled with brilliant flowers. A great mirfor reflected back the room, and beneath it stood a toilet-table, strewn with jewels, laces, perfume-bottles, and an array of costly little feminine trifles such as ladies were as fond of two centuries ago as they are to-day. Evidently it was a lady's chamber; for in a reces near the window stood a great quaint-carved edstead, with curtains and snowy lace, looped back with golden arrows and scarlet ribbor

drew the curtain, and looked down "Great Heaven! what a beautiful face!" his cry, as he bent still further down.
"What the plague is the matter?" asked Sir

Some one lay on it, too-at least, Ormiston

thought so; and he went cautiously forward,

'You have said it," said Ormiston, recoiling "The plague is the matter. There lies one dead

Curiosity proving stronger than fear, Sir and, in its calm, cold majesty, looked as exquisitely perfect as some ancient Grecian statue. The low, pearly brow, the sweet, beautiful lips, the delicate oval outline of counte-nance, were perfect. The eyes were closed, and the long dark lashes rested on the ivory cheeks. A profusion of shining dark hair fell in elaboration rate curls over her neck and shoulders. Her dress was that of a bride; a robe of white satin brocaded with silver, fairly dazzling in its shining radiance, and as brief in the article of sleeves and neck as that of any modern belle. A circlet of pearls were clasped round the snow white throat, and bracelets of the same jewels encircled the snowy taper arms. On her head she wore a bridal wreath and vail—the former of jewels, the latter falling round her like a cloud of mist. Everything was perfect, from the wreath and vail to the tiny sandaled feet; and lying there in her mute repose she looke more like some exquisite piece of sculpture than anything that had ever lived and moved in this groveling world of ours. But from one shoulder the dress had been pulled down, and there lay a great livid, purple plague-spot!

"Come away!" said Ormiston, catching his companion by the arm. "It is death to remain Sir Norman had been standing like one in a

rance, from which this address roused him, and he grasped Ormiston's shoulder almost frantic-"Look there, Ormiston! There lies the very

face that sorceress showed me, fifteen minutes ago, in her infernal caldron! I would know it the other end of the world!" "Are you sure?" said Ormiston, glancing

again with new curiosity at the marble face. ver saw anything half so beautiful in all my life; but you see she is dead of the plague."
"Dead? Oh, she cannot be! Nothing so perfect could die!"

Look there," said Ormiston, pointing to the "There is the fatal token! Heaven's sake let us go out of this, or we will share the same fate before morning! But Sir Norman did not move-

move; he stood there rooted to the spot by the spell of that lovely, lifeless face. Usually the plague left its victims hideous,

ghastly, discolored, and covered with blotches out in this case there was nothing to mar the perfect beauty of the satin-smooth skin, but that one dreadful mark.

There Sir Norman stood in his trance, as motionless as if some genii out of the " Nights" had suddenly turned him into stone (rick they were much addicted to), and destined him to remain there an ornamental fixture for Ormiston looked at him distractedly, uncertain whether to try moral suasion or to take him by the collar and drag him headlong down the stairs, when a providential but rather dismal circumstance came to his relief. A cart came rattling along the street, a bell was loudly rung, and a hoarse voice arose with it:

"Bring out your dead! bring out your dead!" less again.

Ormiston rushed down stairs to intercept the dead-cart, already almost full, on its way to the The driver stopped at his call, and instantly followed him up stairs, and into the room. Glancing at the body with the utmost sang froid, he touched the dress, and indifferently remarked:

"A bride, I should say, and an uncommonly handsome one, too. We'll just take her along as she is, and strip these nice things off the body when we get it to the plague-pit.

So saying, he wrapped her in the sheet, and directing Ormiston to take hold of the two lower ends, took the upper corners himself, with the air of a man quite used to that sort of thing. Ormiston recoiled from touching it, and Sir Norman, seeing what they were about to do, and knowing there was no help for it, made up his mind, like a sensible young man as he was, to conceal his feelings, and caught hold of the sheet himself. In this fashion the dead bride was carried down stairs, and laid upon a shutter on the top of a pile of bodies in the dead-

It was now almost dark, and as the cart started, the great clock of St. Paul's struck eight. St. Michael's, St. Alban's, and others took up the sound; and the two young mer paused to listen. For many weeks the sky had been clear, brilliant, and blue; but on this night dark clouds were scudding in wild unrest across it, and the air was oppressingly close and

"Where are you going now?" said Ormiston.
'Are you for Whitehall's to-night?" "No," said Sir Norman, rather dejectedly turning to follow the pest-cart. "I am for the

plague-pit in Finsbury fields!" "Nonsense, man!" exclaimed Ormiston, energetically, "what will take you there? You surely are not mad enough to follow the body

of that dead girl?"
"I shall follow it. You can come or not, just

"Oh! if you are determined, I will go with you, of course; but it is the craziest freak I ever heard of. After this, you need never laugh "I never will," said Sir Norman, moodily

"for if you love a face you have never seen, love one I have only looked on when dead. Does it not seem sacrilege to throw any one so like an angel into that horrible plague-pit?"
"I never saw an angel," said Ormiston, as he and his friend started to go after the dead-cart

"And I dare say there have been scores as beautiful as that poor girl thrown into the plague-pit before now. house has been deserted, and if she was really a bride. The bridegroom could not have loved her much, I fancy, or not even the pestilence could have scared him away."

"But, Ormiston, what an extraordinary thing it is, that it should be precisely the same face that the fortune-teller showed me! There she was alive, and here she is dead; so I've lost all faith in La Masque forever. Ormiston looked doubtful

"Are you quite sure it is the same, Kings

'Quite sure?" said Sir Norman, indignantly "Of course I am! Do you think I could be mistaken in such a case! I tell you I would know the face in Kamschatka or the North Pole: for I don't believe there ever was such

"So be it, then! Your object, of course, following that cart is to take a last look at her?" "Precisely so. Don't talk; I feel in no mood

for it just at present. Ormiston smiled to himself, and did not talk,

accordingly; and in silence the two friends fol-lowed the gloomy dead-cart. A faint young moon, pale and sickly, was struggling dimly through drifts of dark clouds, and lighted the lonesome, dreary streets with a wan, watery For weeks the weather had been brilliantly fine—the days all sunshine, the nights all moonlight; but now Ormiston, looking up at the troubled face of the sky, concluded men-tally that the Lord Mayor had selected an unpropitious night for the grand illumination. Sir Norman, with his eyes on the pest-cart and the It was a young girl with a face as lovely as a poet's vision. That face was like snow, now; and strode along in dismal silence till they reach and strode along in dismal silence till they reached, at last, their journey's end.

As the cart stopped, two young men approach ed the edge of the plague-pit, and looked in with a shudder. Truly it was a horrible sight, that heaving, putrid sea of corruption; for bodies of the miserable victims were thrown in cartfuls, and only covered with a handful of earth and quicklime. Here and there, through the cracking and sinking surface, could be seen protruding a fair white arm, or a baby face mingled with the long, dark tresses of maidens the golden curls of children, and the white hairs of old age. The pestilential effluvia arising from the dreadful mass was so overpowering that both shrunk back, faint and sick, moment's survey. It was indeed, as Sir Norman had said, a horrible grave wherein to lie.

Meantime the driver, with an eye to business, and no time for such nonsense as melancholy moralizing, had laid the body of the young girl on the ground, and briskly turned his cart and dumped the remainder of his load into the pit Then, having flung a few handfuls of clay over it, he unwound the sheet, and kneeling be side the body, prepared to remove the jewels The rays of the moon and his dark-lantern fel on the lovely, snow-white face together, and Sir forman groaned despairingly as he saw its death-cold rigidity. The man had stripped the rings off the fingers the bracelets off the arms; but as he was about to perform the same operation toward the necklace, he was stopped ov a startling interruption enough. In his haste the clasp entered the beautiful neck, inflicting a deep scratch from which the blood spouted; and at the same instant the dead girl opened her eyes, with a shrill cry. Uttering a yell of terror, as well he might, the man sprung back and gaz ed at her with horror, believing that his sacrilegious robbery had brought the dead to life Even the two young men-albeit neither of them given to nervousness or cowardice-recoiled for an instant and stared aghast. as the whole truth struck them, that the girl had been in a deep swoon and not dead, both simultaneously darted forward, and, forgetting all fear of infection, knelt by her side. A pair of great, lustrous black eyes were staring wildly around, and fixed themselves first on one face and then on the other. 'Where am I?" she exclaimed, with a terri-

fied look, as she strove to raise herself on her elbow, and fell instantaneously back with a cry agony, as she felt for the first time the throbbing anguish of the wound.

You are with friends, dear lady!" said Sir Norman, in a voice quite tremulous between astonishment and delight. "Fear nothing, for you shall be saved.

The great black eyes turned wildly upon him, while a fierce spasm convulsed the beauti-

"Oh, my God, I remember! I have the plague!" And, with a prolonged shriek of anguish, that thrilled even to the hardened heart of the dead-cart driver, the girl fell back sense-

Sir Norman Kingsley sprung to his feet and with more the air of a frantic lunatic than a responsible young English knight, caught the cold form in his arms, laid it in the deadcart, and was about springing into the driver's seat, when that individual indignantly inter-

"Come, now: none of that! If you were the king himself, you shouldn't run away with my cart in that fashion; so you just get out of my

place as fast as you can!"
"My dear Kingsley, what are you about to do?" asked Ormiston, catching his excited friend by the arm.

'Do!" exclaimed Sir Norman, in a high key. "Can't you see that for yourself? And I'm going to have that girl cured of the plague, if there is such a thing as a doctor to be had for

love or money, in London."
"You had better have her taken to the pesthouse at once, then; there are chirurgeons and nurses enough there.

'To the pest-house? Why, man, I might as well have her thrown into the plague-pit there, at once! Not I! I shall have her taken to my own house, and there properly cared for, and this good fellow will drive her there instantly

Sir Norman backed this insinuation by put-

ting a broad gold-piece into the driver's hand. which instantly produced a magical effect on his rather surly countenance

"Certainly, sir," he began, springing into his seat with alacrity. "Where shall I drive the

young lady to?"
"Follow me," said Sir Norman. "Come along,
Ormiston." And seizing his friend by the arm, he hurried him along with a velocity rather uncomfortable, considering they both wore cloaks, and the night was excessively sultry, gloomy vehicle and its fainting burden followed

"What do you mean to do with her?" asked Ormiston, as soon as he found breath enough to

"Haven't I told you?" said Sir Norman, im-ciently. "Take her home, of course."

'And after that?" 'Go for a doctor.'

And after that?" "Take care of her till she gets well"
"And after that?"

"Why, find out her history and all about her." "And after that?" "After that! After that! How do I know what after that?" exclaimed Sir Norman, ra-ther fiercely. "Ormiston, what do you mean?"

Ormiston laughed. "And after that you'll marry her, I sup-

'Perhaps I may, if she will have me. And what if I do?"

'Oh, nothing! Only it struck me you may be saving another man's wife. "That's true!" said Sir Norman, in a subdued tone, "and if such should unhappily be the case,

nothing will remain but to live in hopes that he may be carried off by the plague. 'Pray Heaven that we may not be carried off by it ourselves!" said Ormiston, with a slight shudder. "I shall dream of nothing but that horrible plague-pit for a week. If it were not

for La Masque, I would not stay another hour in this pest-stricken city." "Here we are," was Sir Norman's rather inapposite answer, as they entered Picadilly, and topped before a large and handsome house, whose gloomy portal was faintly illuminated by a large lamp. "Here, my man, just carry

He unlocked the door as he spoke, and led the way across a long hall to a sleeping-chamber, elegantly fitted up. The man placed the body on the bed and departed, while Sir Norman, seizing a hand-bell, rung a peal that brought a staid-looking housekeeper to the cene directly. Seeing a lady, young and beautiful, in bridal robes, lying apparently dead on her young master's bed at that hour of the night, the discreet matron, over whose virtuous head fifty years and a snow-white cap had passed, started back with a slight scream

"Gracious me, Sir Norman! What on earth My dear Mrs. Preston," began Sir Norman. blandly, "this young lady is ill of the plague,

But all further explanation was cut short by horrified shriek from the old lady, and a preripitate rush from the room. Down-stairs she flew, informing the other servants as she went, between her screams, and when Sir Norman, in a violent rage, went in search of her five minutes after, he found not only the kitchen, but the whole house deserted.

"Well?" said Ormiston, as Sir Norman strode back, looking flery hot and savagely angry. Well, they have all fled, every man and oman of them, the-"Sir Norman ground out something not quite proper, behind his mus-tache. "I shall have to go for the doctor myself. Doctor Forbes is a friend of mine, and lives near; and you," looking at him rather loubtfully, "would you mind staying here, lest she should recover consciousness before I re-

turn? "To tell you the truth," said Ormiston, with charming frankness, "I should! The lady is extremely beautiful, I must own; but she looks ncomfortably corpse-like at this present moment. I do not wish to die of the plague, either, until I see La Masque once more; and so, if it is all the same to you, my dear friend, I will have the greatest pleasure in stepping round with you to the doctor's.

Sir Norman, though he did not much approve of this, could not very well object, and the two sallied forth together. Walking a short distance up Picadilly, they struck off into a by street, and soon reached the house they were in search of. Sir Norman knocked loudly at the door, which was opened by the doctor himself Briefly and rapidly Sir Norman informed him how and where his services were required; and the doctor being always provided with everything necessary for such cases, set out with him immediately. Fifteen minutes after leaving his own house Sir Norman was back there again, and standing in his own chamber. But a simultaneous exclamation of amazement and consternation broke from him and Ormiston, as on entering the room they found the bed empty, and the lady gone!

A dead pause followed, during which the three looked blankly at the bed, and then at each other. The scene, no doubt, would have been ludicrous enough to a third party; but neither of our trio could see anything whatever to laugh at. Ormiston was the first to

"What in Heaven's name has happened?" he wonderingly exclaimed. "Some one has been here," said Sir Norman, turning very pale, "and carried her off while

we were gone. "Let us search the house," said the doctor; you should have locked your door, Sir Norman; but it may not be too late yet.

Acting on the hint, Sir Norman seized the lamp burning on the table, and started on the search. His two friends followed him, and The highest, the lowest, the loveliest spot, They searched for the lady, and found her not.

No, though there was not the slightest trace of robbers or intruders, neither was there the slightest trace of the beautiful plague-patient. Everything in the house was precisely as it always was, but the silver shining vision was

(To be continued.)

THE PLAY OF HEARTS.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

Unto an actress' feet,
A nosegay red and sweet,
Was thrown;
And while her young heart beat
As it would fain repeat
Her thanks—
She heard a moan!
Then, as her gift she prest
To an enraptured breast—
She heard a cry!
And as she vanished quite
From out the people's sight—
She saw one die!

The Cross of Carlyon:

THE LADY OF LOCHWOOD.

A Romance of Baltimore.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR. AUTHOR OF "BLACK CRESCENT," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "RED SCORPION," "SILVER SERPENT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XIII. THE CARD UNDER THE TABLE.

Wednesday evening came, and with it the reception extended by Christabel to the numer-

ous friends of Arly & Arly. It was a very brilliant but quiet affair; intel-

lectual feasts do not consist of blind-man's buff or romps of abandon. The house was ablaze choice music was discoursed from rooms below the illuminated parlor, imparting to the sound the semblance of a delightful serenade that

pleased the ear unceasingly.

They were all assembled, when Christabel, dazzling in raiment and in her own beauteous form, entered on the arm of her father. Pres ton Arly danced around the pair with much agility.

Foremost of those presented to Christabel, was Gerard Vance, the detective. He was only allowed a moment for a pleasant interchange of greeting, when others supplanted him. His introduction headed the list purposely. The judicious Arlys did not wish to give him opportunity for too close an acquaintance.

He made way and retired to the opposite side

of the room, watching her so intently that he seemed to have fallen under a spell of enchant-

"It is Christabel, indeed," he muttered, half-aloud; "and how like her mother!—with that cold, beautiful face and passionless voice."

And Christabel: "Where have I met that man before? The more I see of him, the more familiar his face seems; even his manner is reminding me of

something, I know not what." It was the thought of a moment, to fade as it had begun, in perplexity.

The crowd waved between, and Gerard Vance turned to converse, commonplace, with some one near.

The last person introduced to Christabel was a gentleman whom Preston Arly brought for-ward with much ceremony. Simultaneously, Albert withdrew his arm and retired.

"My dear, this is Mr. Wilford Wynne very intimate friend of your father's. Miss

Carlyon, Mr. Wynne, He was a man well calculated to turn the hearts of women less sensible than Christabel; faultless in figure and face, with piercing eyes, heavy, pliant mustache, and a voice insinu to oiliness. His suit was full dress, and the diamond studs in his shirt-bosom fairly scintillated back the light from the glowing chande-

Permit me to offer you a seat, Miss Carlyon." He took the tips of her fingers in his

own, and drew her to a sofa. "Of all the happy events of my life, in all my travels," said he, smiling, till his white, perfect teeth glistened under the mustache, must confess this honors me the rarest."

You are a traveler, then, Mr. Wynne?" "One of those uneasy mortals who never find rest in a single spot. Not for want of a clear conscience, though, I assure you. "Have you been long in Baltimore?-long

enough to see the small wonders?" Scarcely—about a week here.

"And among whatever you have seen, what has pleased you most?" To find that Preston Arly's fairest description of his niece was but poor eulogy of her

true beauty. "Indeed?" coolly. "Did you learn the art of flattery during your travels abroad? And do American women appreciate it? If so, I have a poor opinion of my sex generally.

' A lady who is really beautiful, and is sensible of it, does not take offense when others praise her for that which she beholds in her Wynne hastened to say, perceiving mirror. that he had not created a favorable impression.

"Oh, I never thought of offense," said Chris tabel, with her low, musical laugh; "our ac quaintance is too young yet for that. But I have no liking for such compliments; so you will spare me the task of reminder in the fu-

It required but a few moments of conversation to convince Wilford Wynne that Christs bel Carlyon was not likely to figure among his

The lips of intellect were busy round the Some were at the grand piano, enraproom.

tured with a musical performance there. As it would not seem proper to monopolize

Christabel, Wynne excused himself as she began conversation with other admirers. His retreat was one of utter defeat. He has tened to the side of Albert Arly.

"Well?" interrogated the latter. "What impression have you made, and what do you think of the beauty we offered as a prize

I've made no impression at all, and I think the plan is a hopeless failure.

"This:" said Wynne, biting his lip in vexabe taken. For the first time in my life I have met a woman absolutely dead to passion. You might as well try to ignite a block of ice. I tell you, there's no more 'marry' in my chances, than there would be success in a balloon trip to

'Pah! Furies, man! that is merely a first

'Pardon me, my dear friend, but you'll per mit me to claim a superior knowledge of hu-man nature. Christabel Carlyon cannot be wooed nor won, and she will be a dangerous enemy if she discovers your game. Such is the character I have read in her to-night.' Albert Arly clenched his fist. Battle Monument. You will then know all-

At that juncture Arly, Sen., went bobbing past them, and he paused for an instant, to hiss into his son's ear:

"Ho! by the gods! your 'lady-killer' is a failure!" and was gone to mingle with those gathered at the piano.

"Have you anything practicable to suggest?" asked Wilford Wynne. "If not, I see that I might as well resign. The task, as it stands, is an impossible one." "Not if you are a bold man," said Arly,

"Bold as they make 'em," was the reply.
"Then step this way. I have another plan.
She must wed you," and, beckening, he turned into the adjoining room.

Wynne delayed a moment to cast a glance to-

ward Christabel "By Heaven!" he exclaimed, under his breath

"the woman is a perfect angel in the face, and carries a dead heart in her breast. I would risk my life to possess her and teach her to be

Gerard Vance had observed the consultation side. A brain less keen than his could have known that they talked of Christabel—their looks toward her, their gestures, all were plain

o the casual spy. When the two schemers disappeared, Vance approached Christabel and joined the others

who fluttered and buzzed around her. Arly and Wynne were absent when refreshnents were announced, and Vance secured the onor of escorting Christabel. He seemed de termined in this particular, and his own persistent diplomacy was successful.

The two preceded the rest to the grand, glittering table below. They sat side by side, she at the head, he on the left corner, and as the champagne corks popped, and repartee and laughter sounded round the blazoned board, Gerard Vance devoted himself exclusively to his com-

Preston Arly's ratlike eyes had the two under suspicious surveillance. He was dissatisfied. It was not according to his plan that any other than Wilford Wynne should play the gallant for Christabel—especially this detective, whom he now began to dread, and who, he wish-ed, had not been invited after all. Though seemingly engrossed otherwise, he was striving to hear their dialogue. Had his small ears been dequate to the distance he might have heard

Christabel Carlyon, do you know in whose hands you have placed yourself, by coming to this house?

"My uncle, Preston, and my father, Albert Arly "The last the most bitter enemy you have in

"Sir!" exclaimed Christabel, in a low voice, urprised at his familiarity and strange words, while her flashing eyes looked to his soul's

You call Preston Arly your uncle? "Certainly.

"How can that be, when he is the father of

"You quite stupefy me, Mr. Vance. What can you be talking about?" "Your interests are mine. That is why I speak thus.'

Please be more explicit." "Look at this card, which I pass to you be neath the cloth. Do not betray what is transpiring. And if what you see surprises you, conceal the fact, especially from Preston Arly, who, I notice, is watching us jealously."

Christabel was mystified. Involuntarily she dropped her hand—a card was thrust into it

in so sly a manner that no one but herself could

Looking carelessly downward to her lap, she

read a name on the card.

The name was Jerome Harrison.

A little start of surprise, that was all. As she raised her eyes again the card was snatched 'Be careful," said he, "for that name must

ever be uttered in this house. Though outwardly undisturbed, many natural emotions glowed in Christabel's bosom. Had her eyes deceived her? Had she found, at last, moment she saw him at the Washington Monunent? Was it Jerome Harrison, for whom she

had searched in vain, now discovered to her under such unexpected circumstances, and in the character of an unaccountable masque-Her mind flew back to childhood. The sunny hours at Lochwood, amid its bright flowers and romantic airs; the rambles in the dim old orest, or by the babbling brook that had, mayhap, long since ceased its sounds of plashing over the pebbles she once gathered in girlish lee; the straight-figured, handsome young man, who had been a cherished friend to her and the champion of her mother; the games

and merriment, rides and romps, all half-for rotten because of the intervening shadows of ears, now all roused in a moment of conjury. And if there remained a doubt of the fact that Jerome Harrison now sat beside her, it was dispelled by one glance at the large topaz ring on his finger, which she remembered her mother to have worn in those halcyon days.

"This is a disguise?" she said, low and inquir-Yes; and was assumed for your sake. Do

you think you remember me, Christabel?"

Even his voice thrilled her with its sameness to that of old.

'I cannot so easily forget happy things.' "Then you must know that as I loved your mother to idolatry, so do I love you. I am trembling for you. What brought you to this

"Quite by accident," replied Christabel, picking daintily at her cake. "I met my uncle Preston on the street-

"Your uncle? Why, Preston Arly is the father of your father—your grandfather!" he ex-

Christabel, with all her self-control, stared at him in surprise. "He is not your uncle, Christabel; and I see,

already, that you are in some sort of a trap. Albert Arly, your father, is my enemy, and I fear he is also yours."

"If he is your enemy, how does it happen

that you are so intimate here?" "Because I am Gerard Vance, the detective: they do not know my real identity. If they were aware Jercme Harrison mingled here, my life would be in jeopardy. Albert Arly has tion, "she is impervious—a fortress that can't good cause to hate and fear Jerome Harrison, and I have an account to settle with him. When you hear what I can tell you, you will know what I mean when I warn you that you are

now in the coils of reptiles. "But they are working to establish me in my inheritance," she whispered, bewilderedly.

"For some wily purpose of their own, you nay be sure. I am the executor of your mother's estate. I am the one to aid you—a duty which, at your mother's death-bed, I vowed to perform. Ah! Preston Arly has been watch ing us. He comes this way. I have no time for further explanation. If you will ride out alone to-morrow, I will watch for you at the

trust me?"

'I trust you with my whole soul!" answered Christabel, almost involuntarily; for while she recalled her early life, and while her ears were startled by the terrible significance of his closing speech—she recognized fully the dear companion and preceptor of those bygone days, all the impulses of the olden time sprung to life within her; and if there existed a vein of passion in her heart it warmed, unbidden, to-

Jerome Harrison had been her godly ideal then; nature and remembrance drew her being

Further dialogue was interrupted by the in trusion of old Arly, who kept disagreeably near them during the next half-hour. As Gerard Vance had anticipated, there was no more opportunity for private converse while at, or after table. He consoled himself, however, with expectation of meeting her next day, and now that he had discovered deception practiced

toward her, his eyes were lynx-like, his brain But there were other heads plotting more ac

tively than his. As the company were returning to the parlor, the side room door opened, and Albert Arly tapped his father on the shoulder.

"Step this way—quick."
"Ho! The mischief! Don't you know my hands are full? Where has your 'lady-killer' kept himself? This vagabond detective has been buzzing round your Christabel, like a bee at a poppy-blossom-

"Thank yourself for any trouble he makes then. I was not in favor of his being invited. Come here-

"I haven't time-"Come, I say!" interrupted Arly, junior, somewhat savagely. "Never mind the detective for the present. Our first plan is a failure. We have conceived another, a bold plot, to

compel this marriage." 'Compel,' eh? Good. That's excellent. Let me hear about it," and he eeled into the

room, his son closing and locking the door.

Down-stairs, Gerard Vance remained with a few of the gentlemen who were enjoying cigars after the courses of wine and delicacies. He did not sit with the rest, who in their tilted chairs, smoked and talked, but walked thoughtfully to and fro, his hands behind his back, and eyes bent vacantly on the waxed

"Christabel! oh, Christabel!" he breathed, owly, "do I love you as I loved your mothe before you?—a mad, wild yearning at first sight, as it was with her. And after all these years, is my soul to pass the ordeal again, to end in unhappiness as it did then. It is the fate of my miserable life. Yet I cannot flee from you, I have my vow to keep, to guard you from danger, which, I feel, is now encompassing you. Heaven give me strength for this, the second heart-battle of my life."

CHAPTER XIV.

STARTLING INTELLIGENCE. GERARD VANCE, the detective, did not sleep during the remainder of the night on which curred the mutual recognition between him and Christabel.

The party at Arly's adjourned shortly after midnight. As the guests dispersed, Preston Arly posted nimself beside his fair charge, and his jealous guard prevented any further private communi-

Albert Arly and Wynne had appeared again among the company, with profuse and plausible excuses for their absence.

At 1:30 A. M., deep silence and deeper dark-ess gathered round the grim old edifice. And in the waning night, Gerard Vance strode the floor of his sleeping-apartment on North Broadway. His teeth were clinched

and chewing upon a cigar, and his hands behind him were working nervously. Unfortunate, indeed, for the plot of the Arvs. had been the invitation which made the de tective figure in that evening's pleasant re-

Little did they dream that their rude deception was known, and more, by a man who, all men, Albert Arly had cause to hate and fear. And even aware of this, they were yet to learn the life mission of Gerard Vance and the retribution it contained. But we have said that others, as shrewd as he, were at work.

"I cannot sleep!" he fairly hissed. "The old spell is on me. I have met the living image of he woman who, so many years ago, took my heart with her to the grave. How strange that I should have found little Christabel—no onger little Christabel—in the very toils of the man she fled from when a child. And after five years of search, I had given her up as dead. Glorious Providence! Oh, Christabel! I love you as I loved your mother. Is that passion o be put aside because you will ever seem a child to me?-or because your heart, like that of her I once worshiped, is but a marble semblance of the name?" Then with darkening brow, and pausing suddenly in his restlessness What means this deception on the part of the Arlys? What vile plot is afoot with Albert Arly, in which his own offspring is the appointed victim?' Then another thought: "Christabel s ignorant of her father's perfidy. Shall she blush, in after life, knowing her mother's agony and public disgrace through his heartles Ah! did I not promise my beautiful idol, fifteen years ago, that Christabel should never be pained by a recital of her mother's wrongs? Let me be cautious. My vengeance on Albert Arly must swoop as silent as swift; he must disappear utterly, without her knowing his To-morrow — to-day—I would faced him with the law. I delay. Christabel first—her story; then my vengeance

In this strain his thoughts and utterances flowed, not for awhile, but by the hour. His stepping heels sunk noiselessly in the carpet, and the policeman, trudging his beat withglanced often at the light in the window and the regularly moving shadow on the muslin

At the usual hour. Vance was at the office of

the agency, on Calvert street. From the pavement he had a view of the monument, hardly a square distant. Anon he would step out and glance about, as if in search of some one; then his gaze would roam westward along Lexington street, probably expecting to discover his object in that direction.

What's up, Mr. Vance?" inquired a genial English gentleman, from the top of the high steps leading to the office of Fox & Fox. Don't expect a case to walk right into a detective's office, do you?"

"They do that thing, sometimes," replied Vance; but his mind was far from the speaker. He had no thought but of Christabel-he was looking for her every moment.

noon; then it was four o'clock. "This is unaccountable!" he exclaimed. hominy."

know that the father to whom you have turn- "What can detain her? Am I discovered? ed, is a red-handed murderer, whose crime and baseness destroyed your mother's life. Renow pushing their plot, whatever it may member, my name is Gerard Vance. Do you be? I must exchange word with Christabel yet, if I am seen prowling round, or if I go there, matters may climax before I am pre-pared. There must be no meeting, now, be-tween Albert Arly and myself, until I go to slip the handcuffs on him— Ah "Hello, Vance! got the blues?"

"The very man. Here, Will, do me a favor," and seating himself at a desk, he began scribbling on a sheet of note.

"Certainly, my dear fellow. What's it "'Spot' the house of Arly & Arly, on St.

Paul street. You know it?" 'Like a book." "And," continued Vance, "if you see a woman, beautiful as the sun, with the ideal face of a poet, eyes like stars under lashes of mid-

"Oh, let up, now! You're in love, or I'm a

The detective felt piqued at the interruption, but it sobered him somewhat.
"You haven't much to do, Will, have you?"

"No, not just now." "Then give me your time for two hours. Go here, and watch for such a weman as I have described. I want her to get that note—no-body but her, mind. This is no idle affair of love; more of a case than you dream of. I'll explain some other time. There now, hurry,

"All right, my duke, I'll fix it," said this opportune friend, and receiving the note, he saun-

tered off up Lexington street. Personal favors are common among the detective force, and these have frequently result-ed in cases of vast public importance.

Scarcely had Gerard Vance dispatched his nessenger, and resumed his study of some papers on his desk, when the office door flew open with a whiz, and shut to with a bang.

The comer was Preston Arly. His supple

oody went bobbing directly up to the detec-The latter had bestowed a look of surprise on

this party, as he entered; now he scanned him, perplexedly Arly looked very pale. His small eyes were slightly inflamed, his cap knocked sideways, and adding to the general disorder of his mien, ne wore a mud-smeared shirt, his cheeks were uncouth, even with a beard of one day's growth.

"Mr. Vance!—" he gasped, his eely body falling with a squirm into the nearest chair. "Why, Mr. Arly, what has happened? You look terribly excited."
"Excited? Ho! thunder! man, I'm crazy.

I'm in a pot of trouble. There's been an ab duction. There was one other in the room besides Arly and the detective. A young man by the name of Jack Stoner, lately employed as clerk at the agency, was scratching vigorously with his pen at an adjacent desk. At the word "abduction," he looked up from his work. Quite by accident, Arly's eyes darted toward this clerk in the same instant. And as the glances of the two met, each conceived an an-

ipathy for the other. Thought old Arly: "Furies on that young vagabond! why did he look at me so suddenly? Not that he hasn't a right to look, but because he acted as if he knew something about the abduction, which

wouldn't be very pleasant for me if he did.'
And thought the clerk: 'That old man is a villain, or I'm a sinner Look at his eyes—they are snapping with wick-edness; look at his face—it tells of deceit; look at his mouth, with its sharp, scraggy teeth—it is the mouth of a dog that will bite the hand that pats the head. I wouldn't trust him with a ten-cent stamp. Can it be that what I saw last night had anything to do with this abduc-

tion he seems so flurried over?"
At the announcement of the abduction, Gerard Vance had started perceptibly. Naturally, his first and whole surmise was that it affected Christabel. In the next moment this conjec-

"Abduction, Mr. Arly! Who?"
"Christabel!" shouted the wriggling anato "Christabel, my darling, my beautiful. She's gone — gone — gone!" and as he ut-tered the last three words, he accompanied each with an up and down motion of the hands and arms, involving the whole body, while his two bent legs kept time on the matting, and his ot ter face contorted ruefully.

It was with difficulty that the detective controlled his emotions. The intelligence was like the blow of a sledge. For a moment he was vercome by a dizzy sensation; then there settled a terrible calmness in him

Thought of danger menacing one whom he as now loving with all the wild, passionate adoration once bestowed upon her mother, eemed to steel every nerve and sharpen every

Preston Arly's announcement was affecting the detective far more, and in a manner he could never have imagined.

'Have you any idea at what time, or how, the act was accomplished?" he asked, forcing a calmness that mocked his inner self.

'No, no; how should I?" whined the old hypocrite, dolefully. "But, stop: it must have been between two and daylight, and they must taken her in a cab, I think; for how else could they bear her safely through the streets? 'No doubt-in a cab," agreed Vance, half-

At this juncture the young clerk arose abruptly from his chair. 'Mr. Vance, I think I may know something of this. I was down in Canton last night

and-" he had got this far, when he was inter rupted in a terrific way.

One of old Arly's snaky arms darted toward Vance's desk, and the claw-of-a-hand snatched up a book lying there. This book went whiz-

and struck the young man squarely in the mouth. The action was so sudden, the stroke so un expected and severe, that, before Jack Stoner could comprehend exactly what had happened ne found himself dancing about, raging pain, two of his front teeth cracked, and blood

zing through the air, sent by a sidelong jerk,

streaming over his chin. "Rascal!" yelled Arly, furiously, while he slid forward to the extreme edge of his chair. and shook both fists at the capering clerk Vagabond! I'll teach you to keep that mouth of yours out of other people's business!" and then his rat-eyes fell wistfully on the ink-stand, as if he would like to send that article after the

(To be continued—commenced in No. 321.)

"May they always live in peace and har mony," was the way a marriage notice should have wound up; but the compositor, who couldoking for her every moment.

A vain vigil. The morning passed, high

n't read manuscript very well, put in type, and horrified the happy couple by making it "May they always live on peas and

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE PROFESSIONAL ARENA THE first regular contest in base-ball skill be-tween professional representative nines of the East and West was commenced in Brooklyn, Hartford, Boston and Philadelphia on May 23d, the schedule of games arranged in the League pennant series including matches every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from May 23d

to June 17th, inclusive. The programme laid down—and an excellent one it is, too—is as follows: The St. Louis play the Mutuals May 23, 25, 27; the Athletics May 30, June 1, 3; the Hartfords June 6, 8, 10; the Bostons June 13, 15, 17. Chicagos play the Hartfords May 23, 25, 27; the Bostons May 30, June 1, 3; the Athletics June 6, 8, 10; the Mutuals June 13, 15, 17. Cincinnati club play the Bostons May 23, 25, 27; the Hartfords May 30, June 1, 3; the Mutuals June 6, 8, 10; the Athletics June 13, 15, 17. Louisville club play the Athletics May 23, 25, 27; the Mutuals May 30, June 1, 3; the 23, 25, 27; the Mutuals May 30, June 1, 3; the 23, 25, 27; the Mutuals May 30, June 1, 3; the Bostons June 6, 8, 10; the Hartfords June 13, 15 and 17.

The close of the first series of engagements West vs. East, in June, will enable our readers to judge pretty nearly what the probabilities will be in regard to who are to be the "coming

The Western delegation visit the Eastern clubs under circumstances well calculated to add to their record of victories, inasmuch as the strong nine of the Mutual club will be met out of good form for successful play, and the nines of the Boston and Athletic clubs will be met with experimental nines, and entirely out of that regular training position they—the "Reds," at least—have hitherto been placed in. That the West will find themselves victorious in a majority of the games they will play on their first Eastern tour we have but little doubt. Their pitching and catching strength, to say nothing of their fielding support, being decidedly in advance of that of the East in a majority of instances. Spalding and White, with the field they have to back them, will run through the East from Boston to Philadelphia with but few defeats to check their victorious career. Bradley and Clapp, too, will meet with but little opposition, and Devlin and Snyder will, no doubt, make up for their defeats out West by their victories East; and Fisher and Pearon will give the Eastern nines far more trouble than was anticipated a month ago. The East will have that same old "glorious uncertainty" of the game to help them at times, as it did the Cincinnatis in April. But the minority of the victories out of the four weeks' play will remain with the East.

The League pennant championship record up

to May 22d, inclusive, is as follows:									
Clubs.	Athletic	Boston	Chicago	Cincinnati	Hartford	Louisville	Mutual	St. Louis	The same of the sa
Athletic Boston Chicago Cincinnati Hartford Louisville Mutual St. Louis Games lost	3004010	1 0 0 3 0 1 0 5	0 0 0 0 0 0 2 2	004		0041003	8 8 0 0 2 0 0 8	0 0 2 2 0 1 0 - 5	The state of the s
This leaves the clubs occ	-	-	ng	-	-	-	-	111	-

The League pennant contests for the past

veek—not including the model games recorded elsewhere—are as follows: " 16, St. Louis vs. Cincinnati, at St. Louis. 11 1
" 19, Hartford vs. Boston, at Hartford. 12 2
The model games in the regular professional

The model games in the regular professions arena since our last were as follows:

May 18, Hartford vs. New Haven, at Hartford... 7

16, Hartford vs. Athletic, at Hartford... 8

16, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Chicago ... 4

17, Hartford vs. Boston, at Boston... 8

18, Louisville vs. Cincinnati, at Louisville 9

19, St. Louis vs. Chicago, at Chicago... 4

20, Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn... 7

20, Chicago vs. St. Louis, at Chicago... 6

20, Louisville vs. Cincinnati, at Louisville 3

20, Hartford vs. New Haven, at New Haven6

23, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Boston... 8

23, Chicago vs. Hartford, at Hartford... 6

23, Louisville vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia 3

THE AMATEUR ARENA.

THE AMATEUR ARENA. Some fine contests now take place in the amateur arena every week, and the best thus far in our metropolitan district was that played on Saturday, May 20th, at Prospect Park between the amateur nines of the Nassau and Winona clubs, both having their fields at the Park. The score below shows what was done:

Innings..... Umpire—Mr. Hegeman of the Unionville Club. Time of Game—One hour and 40 minutes. In the College club games the defeat of the

Bostons by the Harvard was the event on May 22d. The following is a list of model games in which amateur nines have taken part as well

as professionals since our last record: 20, Nassau vs. Winona, at Brooklyn 20, Oneida vs. Live Oak, at Sea Cliff. ... 22, New Haven vs. Star, at New Haven,

The College club contests marked by model eores since our last issue have been as fol-

May 15, Chicago vs. N. W. University, at Chicago9

20th of May by 12 to 2, and Yale whipped Princeton, at Princeton, the same day, by 12 The Nameless, of Brooklyn, the same day, defeated the Lafayette College nine, at Easton,

NEW YORK, JUNE 17, 1876.

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THE STORY BEAUTIFUL!

In hand, and soon to run through the column of the SATURDAY JOURNAL-

BLACK EYES AND BLUE:

The Peril of Beauty and the Power of Purity A TALE OF COUNTRY AND CITY.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

A most enchanting and absorbing story of two half-sisters-village belles-who, by a startling episode, drift apart to fates that test womanhood like metal in the crucible. Young women and young men have a strongly drawn portraiture, and city life, as an ambitious and almost desperate country girl sees it, has an exciting and impressive delineation. The contrasts between beauty and purity-black eyes and blue-city and country-offer a rapid succession of very peculiar incidents and situations which betray both the art and the power of the true author. It is, in more than one respect, the finest serial story that has appeared in the popular weekly press for a long time.

Sunshine Papers. His Chapter of Experience.

"Going in the country, to live? My dear fellow, have you ever tried it? No? Then let me give you a chapter of my experience." And he put his morning paper upon his knees and his facial expression would have made the fortune of any artist who could have reproduced it as that of Dives returned from Hades, to warn his brethren against settling

there.
"We had lived in town most of our lives,
"but Mrs. Tritkins and I," he proceeded to say, "but we were fond of the country, and believed it the best place in which to bring up children, and that we could live there more economically than in the city; and as we had kept our establishment in a modest way, and had saved enough money to invest in a little home, we de-cided it should be a cozy little nest among green trees and babbling brooks. We talked of the matter day and night; my eigar bill really de-creased during those weeks; the only use I made of my dailies was to search real estate columns; I dwelt with delight upon the plethora that should affect my bank account; omitted reproving Charles Henry when Mrs. Tritkins overheard him using slang and punishing John Samuel when he told me a lie, be-cause the youngsters would soon improve in the healthier moral atmosphere of the country; grew eloquent over the table she should setloaded with choice, fresh fruits and vegetables—and waxed joyful over the decrease of work that would take place in regard to the cherubs' wardrobes; I harangued all my friends upon the wisdom of my example until I've often wondered why I did not understand sooner my falling off of custom that spring; and if I had succeeded in converting every one to my

"Three cars conveyed our household effects to the regions of the blessed. We left nothing behind, for we should never return. country went marble slabs and gas fixtures, carpets three sizes too large for the largest room in our new home, pier-glasses and cor-nices, stacks of old crinoline and boxes of seedy shoes. Everything would be of some use in the country. And, finally, we were deposited -bootjacks, bonnet-boxes, children, tinware-And, by Jove! sir, you never saw a house that needed such cleaning and repairing! For weeks we lived in a depressing atmosphere of soap-suds and lime, while our nerves were well nigh ruined by the ripping, cutting and pounding processes that carpe's, shades and furniture had to undergo before they would agree with their new scenes of duty. But that did end at last, though it seemed as if the influx of bills never would-fcr cartage, freightage, cleaning, carpentering, painting, gardening-nor the ingress of new servants; although Mrs. Trit-kins insists that we did not try over six a week for five weeks, and one a week for the next eighteen months. She is such a conscientious

way of thinking the population of the city

would have been reduced to recluse old bache

lors and antediluvian schoolmarms.

woman her version must be correct. 'Well, my dear man, the bliss of that life cannot be equaled outside of purgatory-mak ing some little allowance for there being such a place! I reached my country home e eryright at eight o'clock, ate my country supper at nine, tumbled into my country bed atten, and enjoyed country music until eleven-a full choru Frogs sung bass (spelled as pronounced) locusts did the tenor, (but ten or even fifty do press their numbers) katydids chanted the altoand musketoes never tired of assuming the so-The alarm clock aroused me prano parts. punctually at five A. M., and the red-letter days were when I succeeded in getting a bite of toast before sailing for the train. agonies were added my wife's distress that the children were growing wild, rough, and vulgar; the boys came home with clothes redolent of dust, besmeared with mud, torn in a dozen ces; the girls climbed fences and trees, tore the dresses all off their backs, and talked in di-Vegetables were more difficult to obtain than in the city and fruit cost double. Marketing was inconvenient, and all provisions were astonishingly high-priced. If it rained the roads were all mud, if it did not rain when you put your foot down in the dust you wondered what part of China it came in close con-

reported 'stuck up;' when we paid visits we were 'all the time gadding.' We could not make our lives exemplary enough to suit our

make our lives exemplarly should to said our neighbors; and they knew much more about our private affairs than we did ourselves.

"We tried it over two summers, and then we just 'got up and got!" The second summer I had my own garden and gardener, and kept a horse that I might save my half-mile walk to and from the station and that wife might got and from the station and that wife might get more air; and I came back to town in debt with a jaded-out wife, wild children who were scarcely in a higher class in — street gram-mar school than when they left it, and myself a victim to the vilest twinges of rheumatism

and dyspepsia!
"That was eight years ago, my boy; and
Mrs. Tritkins and I have never yet so far recovered from the demoralization of that ex-periment as to be able to hear a person urge the wisdom of living out of town without feel-ing a desire to consign that wretched individu-al to regions of perpetual summer in a far country. Oh! be warned, be warned, sir, in ime! A divided existence is not conducive to a man's well being! If you must be here at your work, stick to it; and let the country suf-fice for a summer play-place, is my advice!" And I came straight home and wrote down

the chapter of his experience—for you!

A Parson's Daughter.

MISTAKES.

MISTAKES will happen in spite of all our en-deavors to prevent them. Yet many a misake might be prevented were we to endeavor a little more not to have them occur.

It is a grave mistake to bring up a child with

such strictness and severity as to cause the poor creature to have no comfort in its home, and to t link any place far pie erable to it. I know of a case where the discipline of a household was so strict as to cause fear to take the place of love in the feelings of the children toward of love in the feelings of the children toward their parents, and when one or two of these children went astray, after they had grown ur, the parents should have felt how grave a mistake t'iey had made in keeping so tight a checkrein upon them. They may have thought they were doing their "duty" by their offspring, but is it a parent's duty to crush out all sunshine and pleasure in the hearts of their children—to forbid them reading good books! Is it ren—to forbid them reading good books! Is it a parent's duty to make Sunday a bugbear to the household—to allow no smile to appear on any of the countenances-to cast a funereal gloom over the premises, until one hates the very day to come? I once heard one of these over-particular beings tell his son that it would always be Sunday in heaven, and I didn't wonder that his little hopeful replied that he "didn't want to go there then, for he could not sit still all the time as he was obliged to be once a

It is a grave mistake to imagine that we are doing by others as we would have others do unto us, when we are so prone to comment on the short-comings of those whom we have about us, and say evil things behind their backs that we would never dare to say before their faces. To murder them with unkind words and cruel actions—to allow others to suppose they are worse than they actually are—to put stones in their way for them to trip over—to see others being wrecked in the sea of dissipations and dissipations and dissipations and dissipations are the sea of dissipations and dissipations and dissipations are the sea of dissipations and districts the sea of dissipations are the sea of dissipations and districts are the sea of dissipations and districts are the sea of dissipations are the sea of d tion and drunkenness and stretch forth no hand to save them, but to let them drown before our very eyes and we walk on, thanking God we are not as others are, and feeling free from all blame, when we know we are sinning by not endeavoring to save others from going to de-

It is a grave mistake for us to make believe we do not care for the slights put upon us—th t we have a contempt for those who are poorer or not so well born as we happen to be, because the rich cannot live without the poor, and the poor cannot live without the rich, each are dependent upon the other, and both are necessary to the other. It is work of the poor that fills the coffers of the rich, and it is the rich man's

money that gives life to the poor.

It is a sad mistake to think many of us can we shall have payment for doing nothing. Thus it is that so many value their situations so little; yet, when the panic comes, and times are ceipt of good salaries are discharged, and wander from store to store, willing to do anything for ever so little, so that they and those near and dear ones who are dependent upon them for support, shall not starve. This is the time when one discovers that the idea of sitting still and doing nothing is not the way to make the wanderers who search for work have discovered it to be a mistake to have lived so extravagantly, when business was good and not put by anything for the inevitable "rainy day," that so often overtakes the best. A little saved here and there will soon tell, and when the rainy days come a well filled pocket-book is a pretty good umbrella. There is no mistake

It is a st ange mistake many persons make in apposing they are reconciling hearts that are drifting away from each other by opening the old sores and letting them bleed afresh by repeating to them every bit of gossip and scan-dal that is floating around. That is no way to keep lovers and their betrothed, husbands and wives together. They are poor comforters who are prone to do so, and the sooner they are brought to their senses and see the matter in the true light, the less divorces will there be and the more happy homes will abound. doesn't seem to me as though any one have harsh feelings after reading Will Carle-

ton's lines:

"So I think you had better be kind,
And I had best be true;
And let the old love go on
Just as it used to do."

EVE LAW EVE LAWLESS

The following extract from a letter to

us from Dayton, Ohio, makes so good a "point" we may be permitted to quote:

we may be permitted to quote:

"I have been a reader of your paper for nearly four years, and must say I think it one of the best papers of its kind published in this country. I had always been taught to abhor fiction, in whatever shape, and I always held aloof from it until I got your paper, when I found that, as compared with the daily papers, it was chaste as snow. The 'papers of the day' are so vile, slanderous and misleading. What one can you trust? They are 'vigorous' but with that species of vigor that the Evil Genius betrays in making his cause good. I am so sick of them all and have been, and turned to your paper as a change, and—found what I now see is the only kind of 'journalism' which ever ought to gain an entrance to the home circle, for it is bright, sparkling, entertaining and instructive; it gratifies and satisfies the taste for good reading, of a varied character, and I can only say I wish every household in the land could see it come within its doors."

We hope by continuing to maintain its stan-

We hope by continuing to maintain its standard and adding constantly to its attractions, to see the SATURDAY JOURNAL in every household where the weekly paper finds a welcome. dull times are telling severely on some of the weeklies, but, we are most happy to say, our lists are constantly growing—our readers in-If we did not make calls we were creasing, week by week.

Foolscap Papers.

Letter from the Black Hills,

THE Black Hills gold fever suddenly took me with both hands, and I instantly began to make preparations for the trip, although my wife told me the Indians would kill me on the way, and she knew she couldn't get over such a thing for a year.

I went out in the lot and shoveled gravel two

hours every morning for the purpose of getting used to it. I got used to it very fast. I soon so got used to it that I could shovel as much as wanted to.

Knowing that provisions would be scarce there, I tried to accustom myself to doing without fresh shad three times a day, and suc eeded, but it was at a terrible expense for

Jones took the fever in the same region that I did, and we both began to school ourselves together for the trip. We took long journeys on foot, often going around three or four squares to get used to walking, without stopping to rest more than two or three times carrying packs, and wearing slouched hats, and

our pants in our boots.

We practiced with guns in our yard at an Indian chalked on the stable door, knowing that we would be likely to have plenty of that kind of diversion on the route, and sometimes when Jones would aim the gun and I would pull the trigger we came near hitting it—we would have hit it often if it had been a real Indian and it had jumped a little aside, as Indians will do when they see the flash of a rifle in their direction.

When we got ready to start, a great many went to the depot to see us start. All our creditors were there, and every one prayed for our success in the most earnest manner.

We left the Pacific railroad at Cheyenne, and started at once for the Hills on foot, carrying our provisions along, but we had none to sell. We had each a pair of steel-wards to sell. We had each a pair of steel-yards to weigh chunks of gold, and a big blank-book to put the weight down in. These books would hold a great many figures—more than you

We had revolvers strapped all about us, and each carried a double-barreled rifle of great It was a great bore to carry them.

We met no one going, but a great number coming back. They all said they were coming in to get wagons to go back after the gold they had dug

One night the Indians attacked us. We threw ourselves into a solid square and received them with a discharge of open arms. The bat-tle lasted three hours. Jones was shot in the shoulder—of meat which he carried on his back. I received two shots in the side—of baback. con which I carried in my pack. Jones then tied his handkerchief to a stick and raised it as a flag of truce, but the Indians, mistaking it for the black flag, charged once again, during which Jones received a painful shot in the leg of dried venison, and I a minie-ball in the back—of a book on Indian etiquette. But we had to surrender at indiscretion. However, when they took our hats off and found us both to be bald-headed, they uttered a cry of dis-may, and said some other Indians had scalped us before they met us, and walked away, scratching their heads, and were soon lost in the dimness of distance.

One of the most serious accidents occurred to us as we were crossing a stream on a log. The log rolled over and we went under. Three log rolled over and we went under. Three times we sunk, and it looked like it was all over, or under, with us; we were about gone when Jones caught me by the collar, and I caught him by the collar, and we dragged each other to the shore; there, by the most heroic exertions in working with each other, we brought each other to, and the heartfelt thanks we lavished on each other were many in the extreme. It came near being one of the most

serious losses to us that we had ever sustained.

Had we been killed by the Indians it would have been a frightful death in more senses

After six weeks' hardships we reached the the healthier moral atmosphere of the country; exist without doing something for our sup-I smiled benignly upon Mrs. Tritkins when she port—that the world owes us a living, and and went to digging without waiting to put on clean clothes or blacking our boots.

Ever since we have been having the most wonderful success. We began to dig up American gold coins in abundance. The Indians have long been known to have used these hills as a place of deposit for gold, and the un cold riches which are buried here have never been whispered. Jones was seriously injured on the first day by a chunk of gold becoming detached from the cliff above and falling on his head: his head having been made soft by the rains, that prevented him from being killed

or otherwise injured for life.

The amount of rings, and breast-pins, and bracelets we have gathered is simply a good ways beyond belief. Gold watches pan very well. We have a sieve which lets the smaller ones through which we throw aside not wishing to be bothered with them. soon expect to strike a layer of gold bonds and they will be less trouble to handle. the raw we have nothing at all to do with, but roll it to one side with a crowbar to get it out of the way, as all well-regulated miners are in

The amount of each day's work is carried to our shanty, and then buried, as transportation

We have daily fights with the Indians, who insist on us paying one dollar, twelve and a half cents for all the gold we dig, which of course we refuse to do.

We are so tired of gold that it would be some little relief if we should strike a vein of lead, and have more of it on hand than would satis fy even the demands of our most avaricious

We would have started home long ago had it not been for circumstances.

Will you be kind enough to send us fifty dol ars in greenbacks, as soon as you get this letter WASHINGTON WHITEHORN Signed,

And, SMITH JONES, Black Hills. P. S. We must say there is a great deal of gold washed here. It is all washed

"DIED YESTERDAY."-Who died? Perhaps it was a gentle babe sinless as an angel, pure as the zephyr's hymn-one whose laugh was as the gush of summer rills, loitering in a bower of roses-whose little life was a perpetual litany, a May time crowned with the passion flowers that never fade. Or, mayhap, it was a youth-hopeful and generous-one whose pain was hemmed by flowers with not a ser pent lurking underneath; one whose soul panted after communion with the great and good, and reached forth with earnest struggle for the guerdon in the distance. But that heart of his is still now, for he "died yester-

THOUGHTS come into our minds by avenues which we never left open, and thoughts go out of our minds through avenues which we never voluntarily opened.

Topics of the Time.

—There was a French singer with a tremendous voice, who could not discover what line in art he was best fitted for. He went to Cherubini, who told him to sing. He sung, and the foundation trembled. "Well," he said, when he had finished, "filustrious master, what shall I become?" "An auctioneer," said Cherubini. An aucedote we recall every time we behold a man pursuing a profession for which he is wholly unfitted, or when beholding a woman trying to do the work of a man. If only some good Cherubini could tell them on the start what not to do.

—We advert, elsewhere, to the number of written languages in the world; but, of course, that number is but a tithe of the dialects of the world. In India alone 160 dialects are spoken by the 240,000,000 of people, who belong to a great number of distinct races, and whose habits of life to-day are essentially similar to those practiced by their predecessors 3 000 years ago. Three hundred years of labor in that peninsula have brought 12,000,000 souls under Russian sway. The English, in one-third of that time, have extended their power over 250,000,000. India is a ended their power over 250,000,000. India is vast country; has been peopled for ages beyond any record; its tribes seem to be indigenous, and it will be one of the marvels of history if England succeeds in anglicising races so unique, and laws, customs, religions and governments ac peculiar as those of the Hindoo and Brahmin.

peculiar as those of the Hindoo and Brahmin.

—The Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle and Sentinel says: A couple from the country came to the city yesterday, procured a license, and were married in due form. They left on the afternoon train for home. They attracted the attention of every passenger by their lavish display of affection. The young man kept his arm tight arour d the bride's waist, as if he was afraid she would vanish before he knew it, and she did not seen to care if he hugged her right along for half aday. She was so terribly homely that everybody wondered how he could love her, and by and-by he seemed to think that an explanation would be in order. He borrowed a chew of tobacco of a man near the door, and remarked: "I'm going to hug that girl all the way home, though I know she isn't pretty," "I wouldn't," briefly responded the man. "And that's where you'd fool yourself," continued the young man. "When I'm hugging a hundred acres of clean, nice land, with forty head of stock on it, I camake the homeliest girl in the world look like an arred." make the homeliest girl in the world look like an angel to me."

—Hannah More traced her earliest impressions of virtue to works of fiction; and Adam Clark gives a list that won his boyish admiration Books of entertainment led him to believe in a spiritual world, and he felt sure of having been a coward, but for romances. He declared that he had learned more of his duty to God, his neighbor and himself, from Robinson Crusoe than from all the books except the Bible that were known to his youth. Hannah More's and Adam Clark's experiences are daily repeated, yet there are those who think a novel the concentrated essence of abominations. Such people deserve pity rather than censure for the great men tal pleasures they deny themselves in deference to a mistaken idea. The Quaker considers music one of the sins to be abjured by denial, and so never sings or whistles or plays the fiddle. Poor Quaker! Poor Quaker!

—We may be great whisky-drinkers—we must be, considering the steady stream of literal "fire-water" which pours out of our thousand gigan-tic distilleries—but we are not a nation of "beer chogs;" that peculiar sui generis belongs to Ba-varia, Belgium, Great Britain, Saxony and Wur-temburg, Rayeria consume cannot be for man, woman and child in its population 54% gallous; Belgium 45%; Great Britain 29%; Sax ony 15; Wurtemburg 38½. Add to these enormous figures the wine and spirits also consumed by these nations and we may well call them be-

—Talking about resorts for consumptives, one who has himself passed the ordeal and been measurably cured says: "On the first appearance of consumptive symptoms, let the patient disregard both quackery and regular physicians, and give a deaf ear to friendly advice to seek a warm climate. Let him remember that Kane, who withstood the Arctic winters, was killed by the warm air of Cuba. He should come at once to Colorado, or to a climate of equal altitude and salubrity. But even he should approach it slowly, resting, as it were, on the various rounds of sy, resting, as it were, on the various rounds of the ladder, and gradually accustoming his lungs to the atmosphere of these regions. For such a one, if he will take proper precautions, there is abundant hope." Very sensible advice, we should say. A sudden change of all the condiabundant hope." tions of living can never be otherwise than in

—Charles Matthews, the comedian, was served by a green-grocer named Berry, and generally settled his bill once a quarter. At one time the account was sent in before it was due, and Matthews, laboring under an idea that his credit was doubted, said: "Here's a pretty mull, Berry. You have sent in your bill, Berry, before it was due, Berry. Your father, the elder Berry, would not have been such a goose, Berry. But you need not look so black, Berry, for I don't care a straw, Berry, and I sha'n't pay you till Christmas, Berry." Which a darkey would call "berry good." The only thing we have against Matthews is that he came over here, stayed long enough to win away another comedian's wife and enough to win away another comedian's wife and decamp with her. The joke in that no one could

—One way of conducting a spelling bee in England is to let one person begin with a letter. The next one must add to it, having a complete ford in his head, and so on, until some one nishes whatever word may eventually be nanufactured. Says a writer in the Court Cir manuactured. Says a writer in the Court Circular: "It is astonishing how unfamiliar certain common combinations of letters sound when said in this way. Thus I heard of a bee, held in a commercial room of a large hotel, when the word had got as far as ZIN. "What on earth can "zin" be the beginning of?" said the next man : and he was so convinced there wa word in the language beginning in that way that he made various bets against it, and then 'chal lenged' the last speaker—that is, asked him to complete word. 'Zinc,' was the answer, and thereupon the puzzled one jumped up with spasm of agony. 'By Jove,' he said, 'and I travel in it myself.' That was the fact, he represented hardware firm and sold it corrected. ented a hardware firm, and sold zinc every day

—From time immemorial it has been the unvarying rule of good society in Europe that when a gentleman enters any parlor but his own, whether to pay a visit of ceremony or of business, or to attend a dinner party or an evening party, he must carry his hat in his hand. His overcoat and cane may be left in the ante-room, but his hat he must take with him. In the United States on the other hand the contrary United States, on the other hand, the contrary usage prevails, the hat being left outside along with the overcoat; so that in an American salon one can generally determine whether a visitor is an American or a European by the circumstance of his having the het or not having it. of his having his hat or not having it.

-A computation of the time required for the formation of a vein of coal has been made by Mr. E. A. Wunsch, of the Glasgow Geological Society, based upon his own observations in the Isle of Arran. He thinks that as many as twenty generations of trees are compressed into from three to four inches of coal there, and that eighteen centuries were requisite for the forma-tion of one foot of coal. We are, therefore, literally consuming centuries in every scuttle o coal on the fire. If the wonderful carboniferous terally consuming centuries in every seature of coal on the fire. If the wonderful carboniferous era hadn't come along to grow gigantic forests out of which to make the coal seams, what a failure this age of steam and iron would have been! How wisely, indeed, has the good God ordained all things.

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "Constancy;" "Earthly Idols;" "The Name on the Maple;" "Story of a Summer Pas time;" "A Peaceable Tenant;" "A Dark Cloud; "Fairest of the Fair;" "Interne;" "Mixed Drinks;" "A Summer Jaunt;" "The Champion of the Ring." Accepted: "Poor Uncle Ed;" "To Irenthia;" "A weet Response;" "What Was in the Well;" "Miss apsicomb's Trip to Town;" "Major Marston's Stra-laughter;" "The Wind Harp;" "A Crown of As

ETTA PRICE. Send the letter through the general post-office—not by private hands.

OLD COAT. Buffato Bill and Texas Jack are neither of them "out West" now. Little use for guides on the plains, at present.

Helen C. We do not pay for poems of ordinary nerit, nor for reprint.

CHAS. A. E. Cannot use the sketch; nor do we make any engagements such as you suggest.

SCOTT H. M. We have no room, at present, for the series of sketches indicated.

F. X. H. Pray do not send such crowded MS. As paper is cheap, why put the contents of two pages on one?

JNO. J. J. Can't use sketch; postage underpaid. Don t care to see the novel you mention, being over-stocked with that class of matter.

DUNDERBERG. The basis of the most terrible ex-plosives we understand to be gun cotton, which was the invention or rather discovery of a German

DANDY E Miss Mary Keemle is the stage name of Miss Kate Field. The lady is by no means a "young debutante." Her age is about thirty-six. Her father and mother were both actors. Bill Way. Chinese women do "emigrate' to America, but they are mostly disreputable characters.—Joseph E. Badger, Jr., is a "borderman,' and is now about twenty-six years of age.—Capt. J. F. C. Adams wrote "Nick Whiffles" Pet."—A Winchester rifle repeals from fifteen to thirty shots, according to langth of hervel.

ter rifle repeals from fire ing to length of barrel.

IRENAEUS. We have no idea of the "actual number of written and spoken languages of the world." One of the exhibitors at the Philadelphia Exposition has printed a circular in seventy-three languages or tongues—which represent all the modern written languages and several of the ancient.

Boy Spy. Breech-loading rifles are much more expensive than muzzle-loaders. The Sharpe or Remington rifles for mid-range and for buffalo and deer-hunting can be had for from \$28 to \$80. A good off-hand rifle will cost you \$32. We think a muzzle-loader as good for ordinary work as a breech-loader.

JUST EIGHTEEN. Where there is a will there is sure to be a way. Stick to your purpose and all will come out right. Girls are so apt to be discouraged at a rebuff or unwelcome obstacle. A lady must not be aggressive; woman wins her greatest conquests by her charms of demeanor, person and tasta.

Max Eller asks: "Can you tell me the meaning of the Irish words 'Nad an' nillar' and 'Maolagh, which occur in an Irish poem I have been reading, but are not translated? And can you tell me who wrote 'The Bells of Shandon?" Nad an' nillon—means The Eagle's Nest. Muclagh is the name of a mountain in the west end of County Cork. It means a prospect or region, and probably was so called from the extensive view it commands. The Rev. Francis Mahony wrote "The Bells of Shandon." ORLANDO S., Onevita. We cannot give the recipe now for the cement that makes lead and zinc adhere. The fire-resisting glue is: a handful of quickime, mixed in four ounces of linseed oil, and boiled to a good thickness; spread on plates and harden. This glue can be used in the ordinary way, and will resist fire also

resist fire also.

Mrs. O. N. E. We already have given at least a half-dozen answers to the query how to get rid of freckles. Try this: grate horse-radish fine, let it stand a few hours in buttermilk, strain, and use the wash night and morning; or, squeeze the juice of a lemon in a goblet of water and use the same way. Most of the remedies for freckles are poisonous, and cannot be used with safety. Freckles indicate a defective digestion, and consist in deposits of carbonaceous or fatty matter beneath the scarf skin. The diet should be attended to, and should be of such a nature that the bowels and kidneys will do their duty. Daily bathing with much friction should not be neglected, and the Turkish bath taken occasionally, if it is convenient.

JOE E. V. St. Louis, writes: "No one seems to be

Joe E. V., St. Louis, writes: "No one seems to be positive concerning the authorship of the quotation," A thing of beauty is a joy forever.' Several friends of mine have had quite a discussion over it, claiming, respectively, that it is from Shakspeare, Byron, Gray, and some asserting that its authorship is unknown. Will you kindly set our differences at an end by stating where it is written and who wrote it?" The line is from "Endymion," a poem written by John Keats.

MILLIE asks: "If a young married lady sees a great deal of a certain gentleman, and has reason to believe he is getting too fond of her, what should she do to correct matters without giving offense!"
It ought to be easy for a lady to act in such a manner that a man could not fail to understand that any attachment for her was hopeless and a matter that it would be greesset insult to him to the control of the

Intimacy.

M. C. A. writes; "Last summer, while in P., I became acquainted with the mother of an old school-mate of mine whom I had not met for years. On learning I was from B. she informed me her daughter lived there, and requested me to call upon her on my return, as her daughter was "lonesome 'and would be "so glad" to see me. On my return I called. My school friend met me cordially, but has never returned my call. Was it a breach of etiquette, my calling at the mother's request!" No. The elder lady, however, should have apprised her daughter of the invitation she had given you; and you should have mentioned the circumstances controlling your call. The P. lady may not be inclined to make visits even while she was really glad to see you. she was really glad to see you.

Don Quikote. Eat oatmeal, well cooked, every morning, and fruit freely. Take no "medicine," it will only aggravate your trouble. A cure will come by regimen. If any direct treatment is, at times, necessary, use only tepid water injections, self-applied. We know of no volume so useful on its theme as "Beadle's Dime Book of Etiquette"—the same of the "Dime Book on Dancing and Ball Room Guide." French chalk, laid on several times, will absorb grease from merino. Will answer other query hereafter.

Guide." French chalk, laid on several times, will absorb grease from merino. Will answer other query hereafter.

MRS. M. V. D. asks: "Can you tell a young house-keeper, who lives in a retired country place where it is difficult to procure much variety in food, of any new ways for preparing polatoes for breakfasts and luncheons?" Yes, and we do so gladly, hoping many other ladies will find the recipes useful. A delicious dish is made by stewing raw potatoes, sliced in lengthwise pieces, in milk and butter, with chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Cook tender and serve hot in a tureen lined with toast. If desirable, the milk may be slightly thickened just before removing from the fire. Chopped herbs may be used instead of parsley. Also very excellent are potatoes baked thus: shred raw potatoes, in half-inch slices, into a dripping-pan with milk, butter, salt, and pepper, and bake in a hot oven forty or forty-five minutes. "Potatoes farcies" are delicious. Bake the potatoes. When done, cut a tiny piece from one end and a large piece from the other. Remove the inside, rub it through a sieve, and mix it, over the fire, to the consistency of soft mashed potatoes, with half an ounce of grated cheese to every four fair-sized potatoes. Dry pieces of cheese may be used up nicely in this way. Fill the potato shells, standing them in a pan with the largest opening up, and sprinkle over with mixed bread crumbs and grated cheese—two parts of the former and one of the latter—and brown in a hot oven. Serve hot upon a napkin. All mashed potatoleft over from dinner should be pressed smoothly in a deep dish, so that, when cold, it will slice firmly. For breakfast, wash the slices over with egg (one, well beaten, will do) and immerse in a pan of boiling butter. Fry a delicate brown. Cold boiled potatoes, sliced, may be prepared in like manner. Keep on hand some nicely-cleaned scallop shells, in which potatoes may be daintily prepared. Use fresh, or cold, mashed potatoes, mixed with pepper, salt, fine bread-crumbs, finely-chopped par

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

IN JUNETIME.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Under the trees in the Junetime I lie, And we whisper together, sweet Nature and I. Over my head, in the wide azure arch, I see the cloud-armies go out on a march Here is a straggler, and there a recruit, Both clad in the white of the cloud-soldier's suit I see, flying up from the green earth below, A messenger-bird, who bears tidings, I know, To the sentinel clouds who are watching the world,
From the crags where the flags of the sky are unfurled.

The wind whispers softly a secret to me: It has seen the first rose of June kissed by a bee And it says that the violets blow on the hills, Where the air is astir with the ripple of rills, And the song of the robin, and carol of wren. Who are happy to-day with the children of men I hear the roots growing, all hidden away, When I lie down and listen, this happy June

I see in the grass, where the brown crickets hide Rehearsing a concert for eventide. I would be a bird to fly up and away, And beat my wings at the gates of day. I would be a cloud to go floating far, And bask in the smile of the Evening Star. I would be a wind from the passionate south, Sweet as a kiss from a dainty mouth. I would be a bee to woo the rose Till its fragrant heart to my lips unclose But were I a blossom, a bird, or bee, What would my love do for loss of me?

Without a Heart: WALKING ON THE BRINK

A STORY OF LIFE'S SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "GIVEN FOR GOLD," "THE FLY-ING YANKEE," "THE MEXICAN SPY," TRACKED THROUGH LIFE."

> CHAPTER XVIII. WILDIDLE.

Upon the sea-washed shore of a sunny southern State was Wildidle, the new home of Colo nel Erskine.

A more beautiful home heart could not desire, for the villa was a handsome, commodiou structure, with deep bay-windows and broad piazzas, and from its front and east wing a broad view of the ocean could be obtained with jutting points and wooded isles up and

Around the mansion, to the south and west were a lovely lawn and flower-garden, while to the northward ranged an extensive park of lordly trees, through which bounded a number of graceful deer, led by a fleet-footed monarch of the forest, with large spreading antlers and

Back of the mansion, at some distance, were the stable and out-houses, built upon a similar plan to the house, and a quarter of a mile away, forming a crescent around the white beach of a small bar, were a score of neat-looking cottages, the "quarters" of the servants of

A fountain here and there, a piece of marble statuary, white shell walks, flower-bespangled beds, and rolling lawns of velvet grass, with the constantly changing ocean scenery, rendered the surroundings of Wildidle beautiful in deed, while Gothic and rustic summer-house invited loungers into their cool and quiet re-

Running out into the water, some fifty feet, was a neat pier, with a small arbor upon the end, and here there were arranged comfortable seats, for those who cared to watch the restless waters coming in from the sea beyond.

Around the pier, gently rising and falling upon the waters, were a small pleasure-yacht and several gayly painted row-boats, with vet cushions and striped awnings, which rendered them most comfortable.

on every side was luxury, and every where an air of comfort prevailed, from the broad hallway to the spacious parlors, inviting library, and cool and extensive dining-

Up-stairs were the sleeping chambers, large, convenient, luxuriously furnished, and suffi cient in number to accommodate a score of guests, for the former master of Wildidle was a genial and hospitable host-far too much so

In the library, lolling back in an easy chair, and gazing listlessly, and yet admiringly, out over the quiet waters of the little bay, and out upon the restless waves of the sea beyond, was the new lord and master of Wildidle, Colonel

In the large bow-window, an open book upon her lap, sat a maiden.

So completely metamorphosed was Everard Ainslie, from a handsome, graceful youth of twenty, apparently, into a lovely, brilliant maiden of eighteen, that none would have re-

Dressed in a morning-robe of white lawn that fitted her elegant form to perfection, and with her massive braids of hair fastened with a silver comb in one coil at the back of her haughty head, Eve Ainslie was indeed a wonlovely woman-one that few men could gaze upon unmoved by her charms.

Upon her quiet features there was no ruffle of discontent—no footprints of an embittered life-no sign that her life was a lie-her face was an impenetrable mask.

She had cast the die-she had made a false confession, and her words had been believed by those who loved her.

By the falsehood she had gained a lovely home, a kind father, a loving brother-and

But would she not have gained all these had she been sincere in her confession—had she told the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

Such would the "still, small voice" of he onscience sometimes ask her, and she had to admit, knowing as she did both Colonel Erskine and his noble son, that their kindness to ward her would have been the same, even though she was a deserted wife.

But then it was not politic for Eve to have it known that she was otherwise than she had said she was, for she was playing for a higher game which, she would have to break the laws of God and man; but, what cared a woman without

heart for these? For several weeks had Colonel Erskine and Eve been in their new home, enjoying to their heart's content the balmy air of the South, the perfume of the innumerable flowers, the sweet trilling of feathered songsters, gliding over the rippling waters, and indulging in literary and Lambert said, with some enthusiasm:

musical feasts in the library and music-room. So calmly, so softly, did the days glide away in this Eden-like home; so loving, so kind, was Eve, that Colonel Erskine almost ceased to

daughter proved to him all that he could wish, and he thanked God for the day when she crossed his path, for to her he owed it that his days, gliding toward the grave, were not passed in gloom and despair

CHAPTER XIX.

LA BELLE COQUETTE.

As the days glided by at Wildidle the neighporing families called upon the new-comers, and Colonel Erskine and Eve soon found themselve courted as general favorites.

This was just what Eve most desired, for she was anxious to prove still further the power she felt that she possessed over men; but, with Colonel Erskine it was different, for he had been happy in the dreamy life he had led for a few weeks after his arrival at Wildidle.

Still he was a most hospitable host, and was fond of company, and therefore greeted all visi-tors in his genial, kindly manner.

As the beaux of the surrounding country be gan to flock around her, Eve Ainslie launched forth upon the fathomless sea of coquetry, and day after day threw her chains of love's bondage around some new admirer, holding him as she had held all others, her very slave.

With her triumph her joy and her ambition arose—joy that she could lay her hand upon the mane of any one of society's lions and cause him to kneel at her feet, and ambition to still furth r ascend the grade of victory, that when Clarence Erskine came to Wildidle, upon his promised visit, he would find her a queen over all, and one who held full sway over men and women alike

Quickly through the land flew the news of her beauty, her wit, her scathing sarcasm, and everywhere were her splendid horsemanship, her superb voice, her skill as a musician, and other accomplishments discussed, while the name of La Belle Coquette was bestowed upon her by a gay backelor planter, who had never been dazzled by the beauties of Europe, but had come home to be flirted with by an American

But one of Eve's strong points in coquetry was never to make an enemy of a discarded lover, for, did she refuse his love, she made him feel that she really needed his friendship, and in t is way she held her power over them still, and kept them fluttering around the flame of her beauty and wit like poor candle-flies, anxous, seemingly, to receive injury from so bril-

liant a destroyer.

The young bachelor, above referred to, lived alone on a superb estate, left him by his pa rents' death, ere he was of age.

Passing a number of years in Europe, Paul Launcelot had at last returned home, at the age of thirty, to re t after his wanderings, and a few months after his arrival Eve Ainslie had isen above the horizon of his life, and drawn him at once to her side, though many a fair maiden of the neighborhood had given up all idea of ever netting his obdurate heart, for he scaped all love-traps set for him.

When at last his heart was smitten, Paul Launcelot went by the board, for he became Eve Ainsli 's very shadow.

At length the telling of the same old story came, and the bachelor planter was—refused. Yet so kindly, so affectionately, almost, did Eve refuse the proffer of the three treasures devoutly sought after by many of her sex—his heart, his hand, and his fortune—that she attached him to her as her best friend, so she told him he should be, and with that honor Paul Launcelot was compelled to be content, and almost seemed so, while, in a quiet way, he enoyed seeing other men singe their wings and firther back wounded and mournful.

One bright morning, when the inmates of Wildidle ar se, they saw a trim-looking vessel-of-war anchored out in the little bay, it having sought shelter there during the darkness of the preceding night.

On that vessel Eve Ainsle soon found two nore admirers—the one Captain Burt Lambert, a dashing, handsome young sailor of twenty six, and the commander of the rakish-looking revenue cutter Eaglet—the other Howard Moulton, first lieutenant of the Eaglet, and a step-bro her of his captain, for the widower fither of Howard had married the widowed mother of Burt, when the latter was a mere boy of six, and the former ten years his sa

after the arrival of the Eaglet in the bay, Colonel Erskine had summoned his six negro oars men, and gone on board the cutter, was warmly welcomed by Captain Lambert who informed him that he had been ordered to that part of the coast, to watch for certain ille ral traffickers upon these waters.

From that day both Burt Lambert and How ard Moulton became constant visitors at Wild idle, and before one week passed the brothers were desperately in love with Eve Ainslie, who almost seemed momentarily dazzled by the splendid appearance and glittering uniform of the handsome young sea captain, for her kind ness toward him made many a brave heart

CHAPTER XX.

FACE TO FACE.

ONE pleasant afternoon, some weeks after the arrival of the Eaglet in the little bay, Ca Burt Lambert was rowed to the pier at Wildidle, and landing, sent his card in to Miss Erskine, for, at the urgent desire of her adopted father, Eve had dropped her own name of

Soon the maid in appeared, looking queenly beautiful in her dark-blue riding-habit and hat and plume, for she had made an engag with the young captain for a gallop over the

Soon the horses were brought round, two of the finest in the Wildidle stables, and mounting, away dashed the handsome couple, anxiusly eyed from the library window by Colonel Erskine, for, though be admired the young commander exceedingly, he dreaded lest Ev should learn to love him, a result he praved against most sincerely, for he had hoped that Clarence woul dlove the maiden when he saw he metamorphosed from the youth whose life he nad so ably defended from the merciless

clutches of the offended law. Down a lovely road, heavily wooded upon one side by the dense f rest, and containing a view of the bay and ocean upon the other, rode the officer and his fair companion, his face slightly clouded, her face bright, tinged with the excitement of her ride, and as serenely beautiful as though no storm-clouds of sorrow

and trouble had swept over it. Out upon the bosom of the bay, her delicate spars and rigging traced against the blue sky beyond, lay the Eaglet at anchor, fully a league

Pointing toward his beautiful vessel, Captain "Miss Erskine, for years past I have known

but one lady-love-my vessel When a mere boy, a midshipman on a vessel-of-war cruising in foreign seas, I never felt

homesick, for I looked upon my ship as my home; and when I at length rose in rank, and was detached from the navy and ordered to the command of a revenue cutter, my little Eaglet became my home and my love-my heart's dearest idol."

"It is strange that yourself and brother should both be on the same vessel," said Eve, quietly, as if desiring to draw the captain away from a tender subject. Yes; but I am glad it is so, for I love How-

You know that we are step-brothers, and that he is ten years my senior?"
"Yes, and I like Lieutenant Moulton exceed-

ard dearly.

"I am glad to hear you say so, Miss Erskine, for poor Howard has had a rather unhappy life."

"Indeed! will you tell it me?" "There is little to tell, excepting that he entered the navy at an early age, and was rising rapidly in his profession, when a quarrel with his superior officer ended in a duel, in which he fell by Howard's hands.

"There were palliating circumstances in the case in Howard's behalf; but he was dismissed reckless and dissipated, and in a few years ran brough his fortune, and was almost penniless in the world.

'At length, through the influence of our family, he was appointed to the command of the Eaglet, in the revenue service, for he had reformed completely when he had no more mean

"Unfortunately I was ordered to the Eaglet shortly after, and ranking Howard, of course took command—he showing no ill-feeling toward me whatever, and to-day we are the best of friends, as well as brothers, and no better officer than Howard Moulton treads a ship's

"Your loves and hatreds are doubtless very strong, Captain Lambert—at least such is my estimate of you," said Eve, and as though a natch had been unwittingly thrown into powder Burt Lambert burst forth:

'Ay, my loves and hates are strong, and with my whole soul, my whole being, I love you, Eve—hold! hear me through, and then let

"Awhile since I told you that, in the past,

my ship had been my home, my lady-love.

Now I tell you that I would see my loved ressel and all it contains wrecked upon yonder jagged and wild reef rather than lose your love, even your friendship-"

"It is getting late; suppose we return, cap-tain," and Eve brought her spirited horse to the right-about, her companion following her ex-ample, while a shadow of disappointment swept

As they turned, a horseman suddenly con-fronted them, having been riding but a short distance behind, and unseen by both Burt and One glance into that dark, strangely hand-

some face, and upon that elegant, graceful form, and Eve's face turned deadly pale, while she reeled, as though about to fall from her saddle The horseman's face also changed color, and well it might, for Eve Ainslie and Claude Clin-

ton had again crossed each other's path—yes, those two, so strangely met, so strangely parted; husband and wife had again come face to

CHAPTER XXI.

CLINTON CLARENDON.

WITH a tremendous effort of self-control, Eve regained her composure, and gave Claude before met him, while upon his part, he seemed as though about to speak; but, guided by her manner, touched his hat politely, and passed

by, on one side. So taken up with his own feelings, and recognizing in Claude Clinton one whom he had met before, Captain Lambert did not observe the pallor that swept over the faces of the man and the woman, nor did he notice the swavin motion of Eve, as though she were about to fall from her saddle

In a moment Claude Clinton had continued n, while Eve said, quietly: Are you acquainted with the gentleman to

whom you just bowed, Captain Lambert? "Incidentally only," almost impatiently re turned the young officer, who felt that his tete-a-tete with Eve had been interrupted at a most nopportune moment for his love-making.

Eve was about to inquire still further into the for he felt that he had spoken abruptly per

A few days since Mr. Clarendon, for such is the name of the gentleman, was passing by the anchorage of the Eaglet, in a small yacht, a squall coming up he split his mainsail and I hailed him to come aboard and repair

"He accepted the invitation, and while my sailmaker mended the rent, I invited the gentleman into the cabin, and over a glass of wine found him a most agreeable companion. Is he a resident of this neighborhood?"

"Yes; or that is, he told me he lived on a plantation several leagues down the coast—one he had lately purchased, I judged from his conversation; but you seem singularly interested in a stranger," and a pang of jealousy flashed into the heart of the young office "He reminds me of one I have known well

in the past. You say his name is Clarendon?' "Yes, Clinton Clarendon - such was the name on the card he gave me-ha! here he

As Captain Lambert spoke there was heard the sound of quickly clattering hoofs, and a moment after up dashed the same horseman they had just met.

Drawing rein, and politely raising his hat, he said, addressing Captain Lambert:
"Pardon me, sir; but a small row-boat, with the name Eve painted on its stern, drifted ashore upon my beach last night; can I ask in it is not the property of the lady with you?"

"Allow me, Miss Erskine, to present Mr. Clarendon, and then you can answer for yourself," said Captain Lambert. The man bent low in his saddle with uncov ered head at the introduction; the woman bowed, and smiled her sweetest smile, while she answered in her softest tones:

'It is my little boat, sir; it broke loose the other night while towing astern of the yacht, and as the wind was fresh, and the night dark we failed to observe its loss until our arrival home, for my father and myself had been din ing on board the Eaglet. It was kind of you

'Not at all, Miss Erskine; to-morrow I will send you the waif— Will you not let it bring you to Wildidle My father, Colonel Erskine, will be glad to

meet you, Mr. Clarendon.' The man looked searchingly into the fair face, and a doubt of identity swept across his mind, for it was as serene and pleasant as though no unpleasant remembrances were summoned up from the buried past at the sight of his

Eve to the Eden from whence it strayed.
"Captain Lambert, I will be glad to entertain you, sir, any time you feel pleased to visit Cliffside. Good-evening."

Raising his hat, and again casting a searchng glance into the face of Eve, Claude turned his steed quickly and rode away, while the others also continued their ride toward Wilddle—Burt Lambert anathematizing in his heart the incident that had so inopportunely broken

nto his avowal of love. When Clinton Clarendon, as he evidently now called himself, rode away, he kept on at a rapid pace until a bend of the road hid him from view, then he drew rein and rode mediatively along, his thoughts a chaos of conflict-

No, I thought I could not be mistaken in that face," he mused.

"No, it is Eve, my wife; it was a lucky thought of mine—the boat; it convinced me in my suspicion. Pshaw! did not her emotion at ight of me show that she was the Eve I had known before?

"But, why is she here? and how is it I hear her addressing Colonel Erskine as her father?
"Report says he is worth millions – that he has an only daughter and an only son—and my Eve is that daughter.

"I must solve this mystery—I will solve it, for she will tell me all, for did she not ask me

"Strange that she should, in one glance, re gain her influence over me, for I believe I would be her slave, did she so bid me.

"And, by Heaven! how beautiful she has grown! She is a perfect queen, and I do not wonder now that the men of the neighborhood have gone mad with love for Eve Erskine. "And she knew me, and—still loves me; but,

"Yes, I must tell her a long story of how Mark Leslie dogged me day and night, until, driven to desperation, I struck him down, and

that act caused me to fly from the gallows.

"Oh, God! how the memory of that fatal night rushes over me; but I must smother remorse, for I have not the cowardly heart to let

Yes, I will tell Eve, in part, the truthhow I became a wanderer in Western lands, and saving the life of a wealthy miner, was made his heir when he died, a few weeks af-

To hide myself from all who knew me, and still fearing detection for that fatal deed in God's sanctuary, I will tell her that I took the name of my benefactor, and my father having disinherited me, I sought this land, because I had heard that she was here, and longed to be

"Yes, I can make up a good story, in which there is a grain of truth, and then set to work to win Eve back to me, for I must not lose her. No, no, no, she is mine now, but before the world I must make her Mrs. Clinton Clarendon If she refuse, then I must use my power and force her to my wish, for Eve Erskine is too

aluable a prize to let slip through my fingers. Urging his horse forward, as though having fully made up his mind to his course, Clinton Clarendon, as I must now call him, dashed on at a rapid pace, and in an hour's time drew rein in front of a small, but handsome, plantation home, situated upon the coast, and with a roll-

ing lawn sloping down to the beach.

Throwing his bridle-rein to a negro servant, the supposed bachelor owner of Cliffside entered his cozy mansion, and sat down to the inviting supper that awaited his coming.

But the food was untasted, and the master eemed ill at ease, for the home he had purchased, where he could hide away from those who had known him before, seemed to have be trayed a skeleton in its closet. (To be continued—commenced in No. 323.)

The Masked Miner:

THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER. A TALE OF PITTSBURG.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER. AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "SILKEN CORD.

CHAPTER XXVII.

OLD LANDMARKS. WHEN the new-comer had alighted from the

cur he passed quickly through the extensive depot, and, reaching the street, paused a monent and gazed about him. Noticing that several persons were eving him closely, he turned away at once to the Monongahela House omnious, which was in waiting. Depositing several paggage-checks in the hands of the driver he wrapped his cloak around him, and shrunk away in his seat as if disliking observation.

There were a large number of passengers by this train, and the omnibus was kept waiting for a considerable length of time.

Opposite the stranger, two gentlemen-apparently citizens of the place, and who had vidently gotten in to ride down-town-had from one of them made the new-comer start, and hastily turn his head. But he instantly checked himself without creating observation and nestled back still further in his seat. His ears were open, however.

"Yes, you are right," said one of the gentle-men; "'tis a strange piece of work."

"Fairleigh Somerville is a wide-awake man, answered he who had first spoken. "He has made his way up rapidly. But I would have ever dreamed he held claims against poor old Harley to such an amount.

'Nor I; and is it really true that he has aken possession of the fine mansion this very 'Yes. I was by there this morning.

erville is a man of the world, and I fear has but little heart. He turned the old man and his daughter out into the street! I saw the girl eading her poor old father off. "Sorry, indeed; but Mr. Harley was very

unwise in his speculations. Where are they "I don't know exactly, but I think they are

in one of his old tenement-houses on the Com-"Well, strange things often happen!" said the other, after a pause. "Four years ago Richard Harley was reputed one of the wealthiest men in Alleghany city; now, he is worse

than bankrupt, if report be true; he is in abso-"Yes; and the strangest part of the affair is, that the man who has legally, of course, ousted him from the mansion, was, two years ago, a suitor for the hand of poor Grace, and much fear that, in return for her evident dis-

volving the old man. Just then the omnibus, having received its oad, rattled off, and the conversation ceased. The stranger had sat like a statue; he had

heard every word. The hotel was soon reached. The name written by this conspicuous-look-

"Thank you, Miss Erskine; I will bring back ing person on the books at the Monongahela

'FELIX MORTON." But the name stood alone; it was not followed by residence. At tea, Mr. Morton descended from his room, partook lightly and hastily of the meal, and, arising from the table, put on his overcoat, and left the hotel. He seemed a little nervous, but no one noticed it.

On leaving the hotel the gentleman walked down Water street to Wood. He pursued his way along this thoroughfare until he reached Fifth avenue. Turning abruptly down this, and as if thoroughly familiar with the city, he hurried on toward the river. Crossing the Alleghany on the Suspension bridge, he walked straight on up Federal street, to Stockton avenue. he paused.

tled down. Feeling in his pocket, the whitebearded, stalwart stranger drew out a letter or

a memorandum-slip.
"'Tis all right!" he muttered. "I must see

Turning into Stockton avenue, he started forward again. Finally he reached the Harley mansion. He halted at the iron gate; then, suddenly entering, he approached the great hall-door to read by the glaring street-lamp, on

'FAIRLEIGH SOMERVILLE. The stranger turned as if to retreat, while a

"My God! so soon!" he muttered. "Then 'tis true! Alas! alas! and yet—" He paused, and as if impelled by frenzy, faced about again

pompous servant in livery stood there. Does Mr. Richard Harley live here?" "Richard Harley! No, indeed," said the domestic, somewhat superciliously; "though he

slept here no longer ago than last night!" and e man smiled scornfully.
"Ah! And where, then, does the old gentleman live?" asked the stranger.

"Can't exactly say; we know very little about them; but the old man lives somewhere on Cedar avenue, I think-t'other side of the Common.

"Ah! Yes, and—" he slipped some coins as he spoke into the man's hand, "and is his daughter, Miss Grace Harley, still with her fa-"Yes, sir; she has nowhere else to go. sir," and the man, who had readily unbent his

dignity, sunk his voice familiarly, "people do say that the girl is crazy—stark mad, and has been for many a day, all about a venturesome rascal by the name of Tom Worth, a miner that was, who stole her away once, and who, having broke jail, was drowned trying to get away."
"Ah! you surprise me. And—"

bright light was flushed with a triumphant glow -maybe with wine.

The stranger drew back in the shade, and saying, curtly, "Thank you, my man," turned upon his heel and entered the street again. An hour from that time, a low but decided rap sounded on the door of old Ben Walford's

had opened the door, the tall, aristocratic Old Ben gazed earnestly and wonderingly at

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NEWS FOR OLD BEN.

"Does Ben Walford live here?" asked the

tranger, in a deep voice. Old Ben still gazed at him. The lapse of two years had not made much change in the appearance of the old man. The same long iron-gray hair fell over his jacketcollar; the same good-natured, independent look sat on his age-seamed face; the same Herculean nuscles swelled on his arms as he flew and ex-

ing stranger, and said:
"Yes, sir, old Ben Walford lives here, and he is not ashamed of his name-why, I am the

man as he looked full into the honest countenance of the other. Then he suddenly strode forward, and, much to the old man's astonish-

Then, my dear sir," he exclaimed, "I am glad to see you. I feel like I have known you for years.

have I seen your face before. But the old miner took the proffered hand nonestly and cordially. "That may be, my good sir," replied the ranger, smiling; "but I have heard your stranger, smiling;

name so often on the lips of one well-known -in fact, very dear—to me, and from him, so much that was good and noble of you, that I feel like I know you. My name is Morton, Felix Morton, and, sir, I—

wondering, of course, yet, sir, who was it that spoke so well of old Ben?" and the old man gazed his visitor keenly in the face, The stranger hesitated, and cast his eyes down

eyes were bright and his voice steady as he

TOM WORTH! You bring me news, sir!" and old Ben started as if stricken with a rifle-"And, sir, what of Tom Worth? What

The old miner dashed a quick, unbidden tear from his eye. Sudden as a lightning-stroke, a moisture dim-

med the large, lustrous orbs of the stranger, and he turned his head hastily aside. Come, come in, Mr. Morton; I forgot myself, sir, at the mention of Tom's name. Come in, sir; though my cabin is an humble place for such as you," and he glanced at his guest again,

man, and one not ashamed of honest poor folks, for such was my boy." The stranger walked in at once, and seated

like of him, he has wreaked a revenge by inhimself on one of the rude chairs of the cabin. "Thank you kindly," he said. "I promised Tom to call and see you. He sent several messages by me to Pittsburgh—among them one to you, and here I am. I only arrived two hours

"May God bless you, sir, for your kindness!

House, and which may still be seen by the curious, was

The lamps were now lit, for night had set-

if this fearful tale be true! I must go on, for Tom's sake!'

a new, glittering door-plate, the name:

deathly pallor spread over his face.

and pulled the bell with a steady hand. In a moment the door was opened, and a

But, just then the tall, slender form of Somerville entered the brilliantly-lit hallway from the supper-room His face as it showed in the

abin, over on the cliff. The summons was promptly answered by the old man. When he

was the same honest old Ben, the miner; but a shade of more than usual sadness clouded his

He bowed respectfully to the imposing-look-

ment, caught his hard, horny hand in his own soft but firm grip.

Me, sir? Asking your pardon, sir, I am only a miner-a poor man-but, thus far, an honest one. And, sir, never to my knowledge

"Glad to see you, Mr. Morton; and, though

ere he spoke. A slight tremor passed over his frame; but, when he raised his head again, his Why, you knew him well; his name—Tom

tidings of 'my boy,' as I always called him?

'yet, if you know Tom, sir, you must be a good

And was Tom well, sir? Was he still mindful of old Ben? 'And where was he, sir, when he gave you the message for me?"

The stranger started, but, after a moment's

"Tom was well, and always spoke of you with the warmest affection. When I saw him, ome months ago, he was far away from this! But Tom has been fortunate, since he was

"Fortunate? And how, sir? I know he had good luck in some things, but to what do

"He has had a good deal of money left him," replied the stranger, quietly, glancing at the old

"I'm glad, indeed, to hear it, sir," said Ben. promptly; "for if ever man deserved the smiles of heaven, Tom Worth was that man! To tell you the truth, Mr. Morton," and he drew his chair confidentially toward the richlyclad gentleman, "there was something strange about Tom—that boy of mine. He was wonderful book-learned, sir, and though he had thews of steel and muscles of iron, and a fist that could shiver an inch-thick oak plank, yet that hand, though he worked in the mine, was always so white, so fine, so like a gentleman's, sir, that I often thought, though I didn't say it, that Tom was not exactly what he seemed to be. And then, Mr. Morton, Tom was so gentle, so respectful, sir, to the women, And I tell you, sir, that such a man is a true man, and one as don't forget he has had a mother, sir.

The stranger listened intently, his eyes fixed on the old man's face—those eyes wet

"You speak words of wisdom, my friend, he said in a low voice, one deeply enthusiastic from emotion, "and you are right-such men are true men.

'Yes, Mr. Morton; and Tom Worth was one of them! And then, too, in a rough-and-tum-ble, my stars, sir! he was a perfect lion, and— But do you know his story, sir? He had a little trouble hereabouts!"

The old man spoke cautiously.
"Yes," replied the stranger; "I know Tom
Worth's story, every word, and I know, too,
that Tom was innocent."

"Innocent? Of course he was! And he would be a brave man, as I have said more than once, who would contradict me! Though—though—truth be told, for a long time, Tom himself would not say whether or not he

"Perhaps he had his reasons," suggested Mr Morton, softly.

"Of course, sir, of course!" was the reply.
"That was Tom! Reasons for everything, and good ones! God be thanked that I have heard from him again!"

A silence of some minutes ensued, the stranger bending his head in thought, old Ben sitting with his eyes half closed, a pleasant smile spreading over his countenance as his mind, doubtlessly, was traveling back over the past The old man was thinking of Tom Worth, and the other was thinking of-what?

Suddenly the old man broke the silence by 'You have brought me news, Mr. Mortongood, glorious news for me, and the same for another!" and he glanced familiarly at the

stranger, as if courting a confidence.

Mr. Morton started; his face flushed slightly. and his mustached lip trembled. But he asked,

"What do you mean, Mr. Walford?" "Why, sir, there can be no harm in telling you, for you are Tom's friend. Why, sir, Tom was a handsome lad, and he had, truth be told, a wondrous way with the women. And, sir why Tom was in love, and in love with a rich man's daughter."

The old man paused Mr. Morton drew still nearer to the miner his gaze fixed upon him earnestly, expectantly. Well, Mr. Walford?"

"And, sir, the girl—God bless her for a no-ble woman—loved Tom more than any plain, blunt words of mine can tell you, sir. And she would have married Tom in spite of every And thing had my boy stayed; but, poor thinggain the old man paused.

Mr. Morton was now showing signs of excitement. He placed his hand upon the old

man's arm, and said, in a deep whisper:
"Yes, yes, Mr. Walford; what of this poor girl, who loved the humble Tom Worth of those

"Why, sir, poor thing, she has almos grieved herself to death after him. In spite of all I could say and swear to her, she believes Tom is dead-was drowned, sir. Why-would you believe it—she has been wearing black for Tom for these two years past! Don't that show love, sir? Again I say, may God bless that woman!"

Amen!" echoed Mr. Morton, and a tear dimmed his eye; nor did the turning of his head conceal his emotion from old Ben.

"And now, sir, the other part of your good news," said the miner, softly, "is that I can tell Miss Grace positively that Tom is not dead, and that perhaps, nay, I know it, sir! that, though he is rich now, yet he is true to her

"Ay, my friend! True to the death!" said so, indeed, that old Ben glanced at him quick-

"But," continued Mr. Morton, as he saw the effect of his words, "it will not do now to tell the—this young lady of me. We will wait; I

have my reasons "Of course, sir, of course, And I am so glad to hear from Tom; I'd almost be willing to die without ever more seeing old Englan if my eyes could fall on Tom. God grant it." You may see him yet, Mr. Walford, who knows?" said the stranger, quickly. "But," he continued, as if recollecting himself, "I have with me a letter from Tom for you. Here it is," and he drew it from his pocket and

handed it over. The old man took it with an air almost reverential; fondled it for a moment in his large hands, and gazed affectionately at the super-

Yes, 'tis from Tom!" he muttered; "] know his writing—so clear, so strong and fine, like printing! But, sir, my old eyes are dim read that letter for me. I would not miss a single word for ten dollars in gold! Read it sir, for me. If you are a friend of Tom Worth, and I believe you are, there can be no secrets in it from you. Read it, Mr. Morton for, though your beard is white, your eyes know it—are younger and sharper than

The stranger started at these words, and a smile flashed over his face; but, he took the let ter, opened it, and spread out the sheet. As he did so, several bank-notes fell down. The stranger quietly picked them up and laid them

on the table. The old miner looked at the money, and then bowed his head.

I will read Tom's letter if you are ready,' said Mr. Morton, after a pause, in a low voice "Read, read on, sir," and the old man did not raise his head.

After another moment's hesitation, the stranger read in a steady, but subdued voice, as fol-

lows:

"Dear Ben:

"God be thanked that I can write to you again, and tell you that I have not forgotten you! Though many long months have rolled by since we parted on the banks of the river, yet, Ben, you are dear to me still. I have undergone much since I last saw you—ay, suffered much, but through all I have remembered you, the only true friend I ever had! I am far away now, Ben—far away from you and our dear old cabin on the hillside where you and your 'boy' have passed so many happy, honest hours together—"

The strenger's

The stranger's voice wavered; old Ben's giant frame shook like an aspen leaf.

ant frame shook like an aspen leaf.

"And, Ben, it may be," resumed the stranger, reading from the letter, "that we will never more meet there. If such should be God's will, bow to it, Ben, and pray with me, that we may meet in the bright hereafter. I have inclosed to you, Ben, notes to the value of one hundred pounds—the money of your native land—old England, so dear to you. I can afford it. Take it, Ben; it comes a free gift from one who loves you more tenderly than words can tell. Good-by, Ben—I cannot say foreter; but, should it be decreed that we meet no more on earth, do your whole part as a God-fearing man to meet me in the better land. May God bless you!

"Tom."

For five minutes there was a complete silence; and then, as if fearing to speak, the old miner slowly raised his tear-bedewed face.

"I'll do it, Tom! I'll do it!" he whispered in a deep tone, as if addressing the shade of his absent friend. "Trust me, Tom, for, with God's help, I will do it—will do all, anything

to meet you again, my noble boy!"

He took the notes, pressed them silently to his lips, and placed them away in his bosom, as if they were souvenirs too sacred to place else

The stranger's bosom heaved; his own stalwart frame shook; a pearly tear dropped down, and then another, and another, on his long white beard. He laid the open letter on the table, and rising, turned without a word to the door

Suddenly, however, quick as lightning, he faced the old man, and as he raised his tall form, his chest rising and falling tumultuously he cried aloud: "BEN!

One wild, startled look, a convulsive gasping, and the old man reeled and fell forward, his brawny arms, now nerveless, clutching the

other passionately around the neck.

"God be praised!" was all old Ben could say, as he drew the form of the richly-clad stranger to his bosom, and held him there in a giant's

(To be continued—commenced in No. 318.)

A DREAM OF PEARLS.

BY F. X. HALIFAX.

I dreamed one night, one beautiful night,
That I was away on the shore of Ceylon;
And I saw the paim trees—heavenly sight—
Waving above me, one by one.
And methought I was a deep sea diver strong—
A diver searching for hidden pearls;
And my comrades sung an orient song.
(E'en now before me the vision whirls;)
E'en now before me the vision whirls;
And I see the wild-eyed ocean bird,
As he dips his wings with a hollow scream
And sails away; and I hear the word;
And I dive to the depths—so runs my dream—
I dive away from the beautiful scene.
I dive deep down in the waters green;
And I find in the bed of the treacherous sea,
The hungry, roaring, awful sea,
Where the porpoise swim and the serpents crawl,
The fairest and rarest pearl of all.
The days of prophecy are not gone.

The days of prophecy are not gone,
And dreams are true though wild and strange;
And hope, like a tide, comes surging on,
That I may some day find the one
The fairest and rarest of all to me—
Somewhere in the treacherous sea
Of human life; the one divine
That forever and ever will be mine;
With eyes like stars and hair like wine,
And a form like an angel's—somewhere, yes,
In the sea of life, dark, fathomless.

'Nick o' the Night: THE BOY SPY OF '76.

A CENTENNIAL STORY. BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

CHAPTER XIV-CONTINUED.

"Good-night, Hugh Latimer!" the man said. 'I am an intruder upon the privacy of your anctum; but I could not keep away. I want hose papers in your hand."

With the last words the speaker stepped oward the Tory, who with a cry of amaze ment shrunk involuntarily toward the hearth Your mission is one of robbery, then, said Hugh Latimer. "These papers in my hand are not valuable to you, they are private property, deeds to an old estate in the mo-

ther country. You can't have them!'
"Can't? Do you know who I am?" "No! I care less."

The Tory was getting bold.
"I've been here before," the visitor said. 'Do you not recollect the young corporal who rode with Colonel Holly to this place-the young corporal whom you admitted bore a striking resemblance to your daughter Helen? Ah! I see that you have not forgotten. I am that man! I am Jotham Nettleton "You? Where's your uniform?"

"At the fort. These clothes illy become a man who has charged with Tarleton into the enemy's ranks. I do not look like the handsomest dragoon in the 41st Royal Horse. have been through the shadows of death. rode into Marion's camp. He discovered me. and a squad of his marauders led me to the gallows-tree. But there I showed a little Nettleton muscle. I escaped, but a ball struck me and I fell over a precipice into the most ac cursed river in South Carolina. Thank God! did not die. Wounded and almost dead I crawled beneath the bank and swore to live. I burrowed there, fearing to venture out lest tell you. I did not come hither to shock your ears with the narrative of a soldier's suffering But I want to tell you something: last night I slept in a thicket, and in a tree, at that,

In a tree? "Beneath me were Marion's men, who took ossession of the thicket after I had entered our daughter was there

Hugh Latimer stepped forward excitedly. "Helen?" he cried.

"Yes, Helen. I need not tell you about the conversation that I heard. Hugh Latimer, there is a tattoo on that girl's shoulder—it is a singular device—a crown pierced by an arow! On my shoulder is the same tattoo. I am Helen's brother!

The dragoon almost shrieked the last se tence, and before the Tory could draw he found himself in the grip of the excited man.

Jotham Nettleton's eyes flashed fire and his face was livid. "She is my sister and you are not her fath-

er!" he cried, his hot breath almost scorching Hugh Latimer's cheeks. The Tory's face grew pale, and he tried to wrench himself from the vise-like grip of the dragoon.

"You are the man for whom I have been looking since my landing on these shores," the trooper continued. "Your name is Hugh Latimer here. Was it that in England? Did the people call you Hugh Latimer when the good ship Pict left London? I remember the treachery practiced on board—the storm, the holes bored in the Pict's bottom, the awful scene of shipwreck and death. I was a boy of six then; my sister Helen a babe in her mother's arms. Mother was washed ashore with Helen clasped to her bosom. The babe reached your hands; the wreckers buried mother. You fled the realm with the charge of crime against you, for, as you know, one of your tools confessed in the hour of death. Those papers are Helen's birthright; they take from you that which you have usurped. Hugh Latimer, Mortimer Holland, murderer! usurper! liar! give me the

papers! A Bengal tiger seemed to have hold of the Tory. He was shaken by his visitor till his teeth chattered, till his joints seemed rent

"I have found you! When I knew that the crown and the arrow were on Helen's arm, then I knew that you were the man for whom I have been looking. It was to seek you that I enlisted for the American war. My heart is not in the strife. I love freedom; but I want

The Tory's face was the picture of ghastliness and a picture that Jotham Nettleton seemed to enjoy "The papers! quick! There are noises be-

The grip grew tighter on the Tory's body and he relinquished the documents which he had almost cast upon the fire.

"Good!" said the trooper. "Now for my What! are you going to stain your hands

with crime?" gasped Hugh Latimer. "I did not harm your mother. Martha Nettleton died "God sent the storm; but your men sunk the

Pict!" cried the trooper.

He fairly hissed the last sentence when with superhuman strength he lifted the Tory from the floor and dashed him against the wall at

the foot of which he sunk with a groan.
"There! I hope I've killed you!" grated the avenger. "I have a mind to destroy your aceursed dwelling." The next moment he picked up the lamp and

was about to apply its blaze to the papers on the table when he hesitated.
"No!" he said. "This roof has sheltered Helen, and to-night beneath it sleeps one whom she calls sister. I cannot destroy it. I will not deprive her of a shelter. Perhaps," with a

glance at his victim, "I have already made her fatherless. The lamp was restored to the table, and the following minute the library was tenanted by the motionless form of the loyalist.

Jotham Nettleton went down the stairs, and sought the stables. There he saddled and led forth the Tory's favorite horse, which he mount-

ed, and rode away. After he had departed silence fell on the old

It was not broken for a long time. At the end of an hour Hugh Latimer, as we will still call the Tory, moved and sat up. Af-ter awhile he managed to reach the table where with trembling hand he traced some words on

a bit of yellow paper.

His eyes looked wild and his temple was cov ered with dark blood. All at once the quill dropped from his hand, he gave a groan, and a moment later lay across

his chair, motionless.
One life was finished. The proudest Tory in South Carolina was dead!

CHAPTER XV.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

WITH the reader's permission we will carry him back to the house of Colonel Isaac Hayne, where, in the second chapter of our story, we first encountered this devoted patriot.

Colonel Hayne yearned for active life. was under a parole of honor—a parole forced from him by the British commander at Charleston by the employment of arguments that n man could resist. Havne became the enemy' prisoner, while his wife and children lay dying vith the small-pox, and eager to be at side, he took the oath of allegiance to the king. He was biding his time. He believed th expulsion of the royal armies from the district would absolve him, and during the fortnight that followed the battle of Hobkirk's Hill events had taken a favorable turn for the pa-

But the argus eyes of the British were on the high-minded partisan, and they panted for a pretext under which they could take his noble

Isaac Hayne knew this, but he resolved to fol ow the dictates of his consci

The partisan occupied one of the spacious par-ors of his residence one night in the early part of May; but not alone. A youth, burly and strong, and with clear yes and a handsome face, stood beside him

at the table, on which lay a rough but ac curate map of Dorchester and its surround The hour was quite late, and the heavy shut-ters, tightly closed, prevented the light in the

room from being seen by persons without the "I will lay your plans before Marion," the

patriot's young companion said, folding the map. "More; I will urge their adoption. Sumter meets him at dawn in Camp Secret and to be present I must needs ride away. But the girl? Will you take her with

'No. Her presence here is not suspected and here she is safest. A camp is not a suitable place for a female of her tender years, and I am content to leave her in the care of such a pa triot as Isaac Hayne.'

The partisan's eyes partook of the pride that glowed on the youth's face; and with heart too full for utterance, he put forth his hand. "Hark! a voice!"

The next instant the hands parted, and the ccupants of the room turned involuntarily to ward the door.

A loud knocking quickly followed.

"Your picket!" said the youth, looking
up into Hayne's face, which had suddenly grown "He would not knock for he has a signal that he well knows!" was the hasty reply;

the speaker started toward the corridor that led to the front portals of his home.

The youth—Nick o' the Night—stepped across the parlor, at whose door he paused and lis

Hayne's face had grown deadly pale by the time that his hand touched the silver knob. He eemed to have a premonition of what was about o come; but he opened the portal like a man brave enough to die

On the great stone step stood the burly figure of a British dragoon! "Colonel Hayne?" said the man, executing a faultless military salute.

"Good-night, soldier," was the partisan's eply. "To whom am I indebted for this reply.

"To a strong detachment of royal cavalry, commanded by Captain McClintock."

'Are you he?"

"N—no," said the soldier.
"Then, sir, I will address your commander, was the haughty reply, that made the trooper

bite his lip and turn from the house.
"Captain, he will talk to you, sir," he said, in a strong voice, and the rattling of a sword was followed by the appearance of a young officer, evidently not long out of his

'I am Captain McClintock," he said to Hayne. "Pardon me for permitting a private to call an American worthy to his door; but the fact is, Colonel Hayne, I have heard such cerrible stories about the fellow now in your house, that I concluded to be cautious,

Hayne could not but start at the last sen-

"To whom do you refer, captain?" he asked.
"To Nick o' the Night!" was the answer, the tone of which proved that the cautious dragoon was getting bolder. "Do not prevaricate, colonel. We want him, not you; although by harboring him you have trampled on your parole of honor. I have the honor to inform you that your mansion is surrounded by my com mand, that your picket, the little negro was captured, and that the peaceable surrender of your guest will prevent bloodshed and confla-gration. He is here! A denial will but subject you and your house to indignity."

The silence that followed was painful in the

Nick o' the Night, standing against the lintels of the parlor door, heard every word of the conversation just recorded, and though he could not see Colonel Hayne's face, he felt how pale and ghastly it was.

The flashing of a taper into the hall startled nim, and stepping from the door he looked beyond the patriot. He saw Captain McClintock waiting for a re

ply to his demand, and a number of British dragoons who faced the house. All at once he turned and glided down the corridor that ran through the building, thus dividing the lower wings. He reached the rear door, which he opened by means of the key in the lock, and looked out into the night; at first nothing rewarded his action, but dark

forms soon became visible between him and the stars, and he heard the low voices of men. McClintock had spoken the truth! The mansion was surrounded by British soldiers. The boy's startling discovery was followed by the closing of the door, and as he turned to

ward the group at the front entrance, he heard he captain's voice. "Answer me, Colonel Hayne! Shall we have a peaceable surrender, and spare your beautiful nome, or must we take your guest by force, and punish you for your stubbornness? I repeat that the boy is here, and we will not depart with-

out him! The captain spoke with much spirit, and before the patriot could reply, a figure sprung past him, and alighting on the stone, cried:

I am here! It was Nick o' the Night, and the British officer, with an ejaculation of surprise, started back, and almost fell from the stoop.

"That's the devil!" shouted the dragoon, who, having summoned Hayne to the door, had remained within protecting distance of his superior. "He's the grandest rebel in these parts, and I owe him a blow for the scar on my

Nick o' the Night saw the dragoon, whose sword flashed from its scabbard, as he stepped forward, and a pistol leaped from beneath his

'I'll kill you if you lift your saber!" he said, eying the maddened trooper. "I surrender to Captain McClintock!"

Yes, he has surrendered, Colby," the young officer said, motioning the saber aside. "My young fellow, you will march forward under the corporal's charge.

With a glance at Hayne, on whose face was painful expression, Nick o' the Night, who had at last fallen into the hands of his hunters, stepped from the stone.

Colonel Hayne, we will not molest you, said the officer; "but your conduct must be re ported to my superior. I am aware that the nost important rebel in these parts has faller into my hands, and I assure you that I shall carry out, to the last letter, the order lately received in this district from the hands of hi

Hayne gave the captain a look of inquiry, which was almost immediately answered.
"Bring that light nearer," commanded the young officer, and the trooper who held the torch rode toward the group, while the speaker unfolded a document which he had drawn from

Nick o' the Night and the South Carolinian watched the young captain with painful atten-tion, while he read the following order in the glare of the torch:

HEAD-QUARTERS ROYAL ARMY OF THE SOUTH, CAMDEN, Apr. 20th, 'S1.

TO COLONEL KING AND SUBORDINATES:
The troublesome youth termed Nick o' the Night must be shot within fifteen minutes after his capture.

By order of Rawdon.

It was an order characteristic of its author. never draw a sword again! A grave-like silence followed the reading. The troopers looked at their young priso ager to note the effect it had produced, and Colonel Hayne gasped like a man suffocating in

a volume of smoke That is a cruel order!" the patriot cried, with indignation in his eye. "Lord Rawdon is selling his nobility for the reputation of a mur I protest against the carrying out of

his infamous decre "No! no!" suddenly cried the boy. "Better people than me have died for liberty before British guns. I regret that I have but one life to give to my country. Colonel Havne, see these men obey the hated Rawdon, and tell Ma-

rion how I died! The young officer was abashed at such bravery and bit his lips. "He is brave," he said, in an undertone, to

Hayne; "but I must obey his lordship."

The next moment he turned to his com-"Execution squad, by the right oblique,

The first twelve troopers that headed the quadron obeyed the command, and halted beore the fearless boy! Hayne shut his eyes and groaned from the

depth of the most patriotic bosom in the Palmetto State. The torch, held aloft behind the executioners, threw a vivid light on Nick o' the Night's face, which betrayed no signs of

A moment intervened between the halt and the unslinging of the deadly carbines. The young officer looked at his watch. He was a soldier who admired his captive's bravery;

but who would not let it step between him and military duty. All at once he gave the command that

caused twelve carbines to touch as many shoulders.

But the next moment a figure darted from the house, and the weapons covered the form of a beautiful girl. It was Helen Latimer—Helen Nettleton, by

a dragoon's declaration!

What followed her action? The troopers-mere military machineswithout lifting their heads, waited for the command to fire.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CHALLENGE TO FIGHT.

CAPTAIN McCLINTOCK was in a quandary He looked from the young maiden who had thrown herself between the carbines and the patriot boy to Isaac Hayne. The South Carolinian stood in his door, and met the officer's

Then the captain's glance returned to the troopers whose carbines were leveled at the girl. Those stern soldiers of England's regular army were slaves to obedience; they did not question the commands of superior officers, and the youthful captain held Helen's life on his He could have spoken the word "fire," and twelve carbines would have sent their death missiles into her bosom

But he withheld the terrible command, because he never made war on women, and it is probable that the girl's beauty and heroism helped to keep back the order for which the soldiers waited.

The silence that followed Helen's action was

of brief duration. "Make me your target," she cried, looking at the young captain. "I am a rebel. I have played the spy. I have sent this young patriot on missions that have routed your troopers. By my secret workings Marion has been enabled to fall on the enemy at night, and Sumter has vaulted into the saddle at a word from I hate Great Britain as a snake hates the foot that turns from the path to tread upon it. My days and nights have been devoted to the

cause of liberty, and to die for her would be a The soldiers heard her words and looked at

We want the boy-the rebel imp!" cried a burly sergeant to McClintock. "Captain, the girl must not die. It is the boy that we want. Make him stand out and receive his

"I am here!" said Nick o' the Night, gently pushing Helen aside and stepping into the glare 'No! Nick!"

The next moment she had leaped before him, and her eyes flashed on the troopers again.

The young partisan again pushed her aside.

"I die!" he cried. "Helen Latimer, live to avenge my death—live to stir Marion's blood till he sweeps this fair district like a besom of destruction—till the last British horsetail crosses the borders of Carolina. Yes, live, and when freedom has been gained plant a flower on the grave of him who sacrificed his life on her altar. I will die here—bravely—like a

He turned from her with an effort, and, with a groan—a cry of despair that reached ears for which it was not intended—the young girl sprung toward Isaac Hayne, with arms stretch-

ed out appealingly. But she did not reach the door. Near the stone her strength deserted her, and she sunk to the ground. "Now do your duty!" cried Nick o' the Night, turning from the swooning maiden to

his appointed executioners. The captain bit his lips and looked at the "Ready!"

had long been ready. Aim! Twelve eyes swept along the shining barels into which the doomed boy looked un-

The troopers did not move a muscle—they

daunted. The next moment was one of suspense; it eemed an eternity of time, but the deathcame at last:

A loud volley cleft the balmy air of that May Ten saddles suddenly became tenantless, and Captain McClintock, the young leader, fell for vard on his horse's neck

The command which had proved so deadly had not fallen from his lips. It had come from a point behind the squadron, and the ips from which it had fallen were Francis Ma-Nick o' the Night stood unharmed on the

spot where he had expected to perish by English balls. "Surrender! every mother's son of you!" shouted the voice that had spoken the word fire," and before a single trooper could unsling a carbine, and turn to meet the foe,

the speaker and his men were on the lawn

aptain McClintock, do you surrender!"

cried Marion, grasping the young officer's arm. 'I told the boys to spare you; but a stray bullet, perhaps. McClintock did not respond to the partisan chief, and, when the victor raised his head, he saw that the commander of the squadron would

They could do naught else, and Marion had won a victory of which he might be proud. He had saved the life of the youngest as well as the bravest partisan in the South—a life which liberty could illy spare. We got wind that McClintock was abroad, and so we followed him," Marion said to the

The British, taken by surprise, surrendered.

young partisan. "You will not have to meet mter and me at daybreak, for I will take the map here and consult with the colonel before we ride away. Thus briefly did Marion relate the story of the opportune rescue, and Helen, having re-covered from the swoon, took his hands, and

thanked him for the gallant deed. "I have something to tell you, girl," said the little Huguenot, "Do you know Captain Clayton?"

"The jovial officer whom I deserted in the church?" cried the girl, with sparkling eyes. "Ah! General, I could not forget the chivalrous trooper. But what of him?

He will never fight for the king again! "What! is he dead?" No! His heart was never in the war. He

rode into our camp last night and declared that he had broken his sword, and sworn allegiance to American liberty.

Helen's eyes flashed with mingled pride and "He is Bertha's lover, and Bertha's heart is

with the royal cause," she said. "But the captain will win her for all that," said Marion. "Your sister Bertha loves him, and I assure you that she will honor his candor and turn rebel herself. "General, I fear "Never!" cried Helen.

you do not know my sister." Marion laughed, and was about to turn away to converse with Colonel Hayne, who was wait

We are gaining ground everywhere!" said Marion, with a glow of triumph on his sallow cheeks. "Greene is recovering, Cornwallis is marching to his doom in the north, and God is smiling on the colonies. Dorchester will soon be ours. The crippled bird has left Wing-

"What! is Lancaster Wingdon out?" cried Helen.

'Yes. He is hunting for two men!"

"Two men?" "That boy and a renegade trooper, named Nettleton.

Helen started at mention of the last name.

"Where is the trooper?" she asked. "I do not know. He slew your father—I mean Hugh Latimer," replied Marion. "Nicholas has doubtless told you about the writingthe last he ever executed—that was found on his table.'

"We are hunting for the trooper as well as that one-armed Tory boy. I believe that he carries papers that concern you, Helen. If he meets Lancaster Wingdon one or both will die. If Nicholas and the young Tory have a rencontre blood will flow.

Marion turned almost abruptly from the young girl and stepped to Hayne's side.

Helen was then joined by Nick o' the Night, and the twain were engaged in an earnest conversation when a young negro wormed his way through the partisan band, and handed him a note which was sealed with the waxen crest of

The boy started when the sign met his eye, and Helen watched him with intense curiosity as he stepped toward a torch and broke the

The chirography that met his gaze was elegant and femininish in shading, and in the glow of the torch the young partisan read:

"Nicholas Brandon—Bandit! Are we never to meet that we may settle forever the accounts that we owe one another? Like a coward, you fly from before me now that I am strong again. My negro will give you this, and know by its deliverance that every night at twelve I wait for you at the double oaks near Wingdon Hall. I dare you to meet me there alone, and in this challenge, I brand you coward! bandit! and murderer! Carolina is too small for you and LANCASTER WINGDON, "Of Wingdon Hall."

The reader gritted his teeth when he read the trio of epithets that the challenge contained; but, when the last sentence was mastered, a smile overspread his face.

"That is true, Lancaster Wingdon, that is true!" were the words that rippled over his lips, and folding the paper he returned to

"I am going away," he said in a tone which did not rouse her suspicions. "The negro's message is important."

He took her hands, and, unseen by the men about them, snatched a hurried kiss from her

"Come!" he said to the sable messenger. "Is he there?"

'He am, massa!" was the reply.

A few moments later the young partisan, mounted on his horse and followed by Whig, the gallant dog, called Marion from his council with Hayne and several trusted lieuten-

"Good-by, General," said the boy, putting out a hand which Marion took with great surprise. "If I am not in your camp at day break you will find me beneath the double oaks near Wingdon Hall. Send no one after me, as you value the tried friendship of Nick o' the Night.'

Marion wrung the boy's hand, and gave him a look that seemed to fathom the secret of his sudden departure.

The next moment the twain had separated, and the young partisan and the Wingdon slave

(To be continued—commenced in No. 322.)

TO IRENTHIA.

BY SOLITAIRE.

Oh! bright be thy home on that far distant shor Where the glad flowers bloom every month in Where the south winds come whispering the green

And the joy-weeping dew-spirit drops its big tear. When the day-god shall sing amidst islands of roses, And moonlight shall shame with its radiance the

And the zephyr's soft wing on the light stream re Think, sweet lady, think on the friend that's away.

Oh! think on the heart that throbbed for thee alone.

Those songs which we sung (oh, the memory is dear.) By that sweet winding river, e'en now the low tone Of its breathing waves softly, and melts on the

You'll remember, sweet one, when the twilight ap pears, loriously brilliant the eve-star comes forth re those who are looking through memory's

tears
And watching with thee from the cold, distant

Sweet lady, farewell; we may meet nevermore, But the tear-drop that falls is now telling to me That bright hours of the past shall thy memory And 'twere Heaven to know I'm remembered by

OLD DAN RACKBACK.

The Great Extarminator:

THE TRIANGLE'S LAST TRAIL!

BY OLL COOMES, AUTHOR OF "HAPPY HARRY," "IDAHO TOM,
"DAKOTA DAN," "OLD HURRICANE," "HAWKEYE HARRY," ETC. ETC.

> CHAPTER XIV. A RETROSPECTION.

In order that we may introduce other important characters to our readers without confu sion, it becomes necessary that we now go back a few days beyond the time of the last events recorded and narrate the events, incidents and adventures of Idaho Tom and his gallant band of boy-rangers that transpired during their pas-

sages through the Black Hills. With no other outward motive than that begot of the spirit and love of adventure, had Captain Taylor, or as he was better known, Idaho Tom. and his band crossed the mountain and penetra ted the Black Hill country. They knew at the time that it was forbidden ground—in other words, the reservation of the Sioux Indians; violations of the government treaties were usually carried, the rangers resolved to do nothing the red-skins. Before they reached the hills, however, news of the discovery of gold came a collision. to their ears; and as a number of them were

ing for him, when Helen's hand fell upon his experienced miners, they modified their origim. nal intention of passing straight through the "Have you any more news?" she asked. "I hills, and concluded to spend a month or so rumors of the finding of gold in the hills had have been cooped up in this old house for a prospecting for gold. Procuring a number of fortnight, and have heard but little about the var."

pack animals and a mining outfit they struck out for the most unfrequented parts of the government was in the country, else he would Black Hills. They went into camp in the valley of a little stream tributary to the Powder River. There was plenty of grass here for

Although they were far from the Indian stronghold, and in a very rough and desolate part of the hills, they found one or two wellbeaten trails, bearing the imprint of hoofed feet, running southward toward the Indian village. All attempts on the part of the rangers to trace these paths to some starting point failed, for all they were very desirous of knowing who their neighbors were, if there were any at all in the neighborhood.

For several days they continued to ramble on foot among the hills, and finally becoming satisfied that they were alone, they began prospect-

ing for gold. Dividing up into three parties, they scattered out in different directions through the hills, returning to camp at evening to report the success of the day's work.

On the evening of the third day, as Idaho Tom, Darcy Cooper and Sam Walton were returning to camp, their attention was drawn aside by sight of a light blue smoke curling up from among the hills and tree-tops some dis-tance to their right. They had never noticed it there before, and so their curiosity became aroused. Idaho Tom gave his tools to Walton and Cooper, and sending them on to camp, he struck out across the country to make some inquiry regarding the smoke. His way lay over a series of rough, broken hills, deep-wooded valleys and yawning chasms and pitfalls. And as it was nearly night, the young miner was compelled to pick his way with extreme cau-

In the course of an hour he arrived in the immediate vicinity of the smoke, which he could still see lazily curling into the air above the tree-tops. That it rose from a camp-fire in the valley he had not a doubt; and so he began to pick his way down the almost perpendicular face of the cliff overhanging the vale

Arrived safely below, what was his surprise to find no signs of a fire there. He glanced up and down the valley but could see nothing; and so he became somewhat puzzled. The valley was only about four rods wide, and guarded on each side by high bluffs, from whose face sharp ledges of rock were thrust out, here and there, above and below, the tree-tops. Huge pines with heavy tops, shot heavenward from the valley in whose soil centuries had rooted them. Their tops were so interlaced that not a patch of sky could be seen through the dense canopy From the projecting ledges one could have walked out upon the tree-tops.

A sort of a foreboding silence pervaded the A subdued light enabled Tom to discern the surrounding objects indistinctly.

He glanced carefully around upon all sides. He searched the bluffs towering above him with a keen eye; but as he could hear nor see any igns of life, he turned his face toward camp in no little disappointment.

The shadows of evening had long since begun to gather in this narrow, mountain defile, and as night was close at hand, Tom saw the necessity of hurrying along, and so moved away as rapidly as possible.

Suddenly a full score of mounted men swept around a bend in the valley into plain view. Tom stopped and started back in surprise and His first thoughts, when he saw they were white men, was, that they were a band of prairie freebooters, and he was about to seek afety in flight, when, upon a second glance, he discovered that the horsemen were a party of

United States troops, the foremost of whom vore the uniform of a major of cavalry.

Idaho Tom stood his ground without the least fear, and as the horsemen drew up before him, he saluted them by touching his hat.

Well, whom have we found here?" d ed the major, eying Tom from head to foot as though he were some contemptible creature scarcely worthy of inspection.

"My name, sir," replied Tom, politely, "is Thomas Taylor.

'And what are you doing here, Thomas Taylor?" the officer asked, his tone tinged with sar-"Having a bit of sport," responded Tom.

with a confused smile. "Do you know, sir, that you have no business here on this reservation?—that you are trespassing?" asked the major, with a martial air, and a display of self-arrogance.

'I'm doing nothing objectionable to the In-"Sir, that is not the question—the idea at all. Orders have been issued, sir, to arrest every man found within the limits of this reser ation and march him off, especially if he has no business here. And, sir, by the authority vested in me, I shall be under the necessity of

"Indeed!" replied Tom, somewhat puzzled over his dilemma; "this is something I had hardly expected; and if you will allow me to go on, I will promise to quit these hills with all

possible speed. 'I can, and will do no such a thing, sir. My duty is imperative; moreover, I have no assurance you would keep your word.

What do you take me for, major?" Tom asked, a slight flush mounting to his handsome face that appealed directly to the soldier's ad-

Stung to the quick by Tom's reply, the major

'Sir, I take you for an insolent puppy; and I desire you to understand that no further impertinence will be tolerated," and turning to two of his men, ordered them to take Tom into custody and march him along in rear of the

As there was no alternative but to obey. Tom was taken in charge by the two cavalrymen, when the party moved on slowly up the pass. Tom did not become disheartened, for he had

high hopes of effecting a compromise with the commandant. At least, he resolved to make the attempt before he ever hinted one word of having friends near. But in case he could arrange no terms of compromise, he would be compelled to tell the whole facts connected with his party being there. His principal object in this was to prevent a collision between his followers and the soldiers, which he knew would be the result, should they discover him a prisoner in the soldiers' camp. He knew the of Idaho Tom and deliberately cut his bonds. reckless daring of his men, and that they would but, fully acquainted with the habits of the sav-ages, their forbearance and the extent to which diers than a band of savages. The soldiers were in the majority, he knew; but his boys had been trained in the school of the mountainthat would bring them into antagonisms with eer, and being well armed with repeating rifles, a desperate conflict was sure to be the result of

Tom learned from his escort that the party

reached his ears, Tom never knew, until now, have been more careful. As it was, however,

he resolved to make the best of a bad situation His captors moved on but a short distance up the valley and went into camp for the night which fact gave him no little relief. But when the major ordered him bound and secured to a tree, his emotions assumed a hitter and indig nant character; but, curbing them the best he could, he submitted, with apparent grace, to his fate, however humiliating it might be.
Guards were posted above and below the

camp. A fire was kindled in the center of the defile, and soon its glow lit up the surrounding

The soldiers made their supper off cold ra-tions; then heaping armloads of fuel on the fire, they sat down around it to recount the day's journey and adventure. Thus they spent an hour or two; finally they began to drop off, one by one, to rest. The earth was a bed, the hollow of their saddles a pillow, and their blankets and the dense canopy of pine boughs their only

The commandant, and one or two scientific entlemen, were finally the only ones that renained up. They seated themselves together and engaged in examining a map, making notes of the day's explorations, and selecting a route for the morrow.

Meanwhile, Idaho Tom had been given a blanket, and his bonds lengthened so that he could lie down at pleasure. He wrapped the blanket around his shoulders, and seating himself upon the ground, leaned against the tree to which he was bound. Closing his eyes, he engaged in mental reflection. He had made no attempt to secure his release. He resolved to wait until the major was not only at leisure, but alone. He concluded that if there were no one to witness the man's authority and imperious dignity, he might engage him in a friendly conversation, and thereby effect some terms of conciliation. While waiting for this opportunity, he fell into a gentle doze, from which he awoke with a sudden start. His eyes were turned upward, and in the dim glow of the subdued light an apparition unfolded itself to his view—an apparition that bound him speechless

with horror to the spot. It was the form of a woman-a young and ovely girl robed in white, standing indistinctly outlined in the dusky shadows above. stood in mid-air with no visible means of sup-port; and with a white finger, upon which dashed a hoop of gold, pressed upon her lips, floated—upward into the overhanging shadows

of night Tom had obtained but a mere glimpse of this mysterious form, and his mind had received such a sudden shock by sight of it, that for a minute he believed he was still dreaming as he had been before he awoke. Again and again ne reassured himself that it was but the vagaries of an excited mind. But in spite of his efforts to the contrary, the truth would force it self upon him, and at length that strange feeling which a mystery engenders, took possession of his mind.

When the commandant arose and started to is tent, the young ranger was so confused that he let slip the opportunity for which he had been waiting so long, to speak to the officer. Then followed the uncomfortable assurance of being alone, in one sense of the word, with the mystery of the apparition weighing upon both oody and mind.

Finally a corporal of the guard went out with reliefs, and the others came in, replenished the fire, dried the dampness that had accumulated on their clothing from the heavy mist, then wrapped themselves in their blankets and laid down to rest.

Again all were soon asleep, and Tom alone kept his wakeful watch over the camp-ure. As the moments wore away, however, his thoughts the moments wore away, however, his thoughts the moments wore away, however, his thoughts to more the sun, moon and stars to what is more the angel must notonous roar and crackle of the fire; the labored respirations of the tired and worn solhits on the animals tethered near: the ghostly flicker of the quivering, dancing light; the ogreish forms and faces that an excited brain con jures up in the writhing, twisting flames—all conspired to draw the vail of unconscious over him, and fill his breast with a vague foreboding. He tried to fight off the powerful inluence of sleep. The struggle was a hard one. Body and brain courted its advance but the will rebelled. The contest lasted for nearly an hour, and it seemed as though the former would gain the victory. Heavy weights seemed pressing down upon his eyelids and his brain throb bed. Tom would have given anything in the world for an hour's sleep; but under the circumtances he felt as though it would be death to

give up then. Determined to fight the seductive power to the last, he rose to his feet and began pacing

to and fro the length of his bonds. The fire burned lower and lower. Only the sickly glare of the red coals now lit up the sur-rounding view. The rocky bluffs on either side escorting you to the head-quarters of General f the pass frowned down upon him grim and threatening. The stately pines, with mossy trunks, rose upward like slender gray columns o support the mighty dome of night. down the valley the darkness stretched away

> A sound like that of a human voice suddenly reaches Tom's ears.

He mechanically raises his eyes. He starts back with a low exclamation, for out of the blackness of heaven he sees again that angelic apparition descending to earth. Still robed in white is it—still upon the lips is pressed a

snowy finger! 'Is it an angel?" Tom asked himself. He could see that she was young—not over eighteen. Her form was graceful and sylphlike, and clothed in a plain, spotless robe of white over which fell a wealth of black, silken hair. Her face seemed as white as the robe she wore in the dim twilight. It possessed a wild, imperious look. Dark eyes, radiant with celestial love, looked from out her white face upon the prisoner, filling his soul with a strange,

echless silence. Mute as a statue of surprise, Idaho Tom stands watching the lovely vision descending to earth. In the fingers of one hand he sees a mall, glittering knife resembling the blade of a stiletto, but it gives him no fear.

Down and down, slowly, and without any apparent volition whatever, she descended upon the air until finally she touched the earth. Then with a quick glance around her that seem ed more human-like, she advanced to the side

"Flee, sir," she then said, a look of benignity beaming on her wondrous face. "flee-up the steep bluff there. Go, for my sake, and may the Holy Mother guide and protect you." Then, to his surprise, she cut the sign of the cross upon his breast with her finger, and upon

his back, also. This done, she advanced to the spot where

was a detachment of General Custer's command, her little fingers to Tom, rose aloft in the airup out of sight in the blackness of night.

Starting, as if from a terrible nightmare Idaho Tom glanced wildly around him, then turning, glided out of the camp-up the hillside and away into freedom.

And still the soldiers slept on. CHAPTER XV.

"LOOK OUT! SLOWLY through the lonely hills Idaho Tom

made his way. The branches of the pine above him swayed in the night-breeze; a wolf howled in the dis-

All was dark and dismal as eternity, and the young miner could make his way onward only at the risk of breaking his neck. He had been schooled in the mountains, however, and there were no dangers possessed by the deep canons, the rugged bluffs and treacherous ground, but what he was familiar with.

Now and then, as he moved along, he picked up a small stone and tossed it ahead of him, and by the sound it produced he was enabled to judge of what was before him. If it rolled back at his feet he knew an acclivity was be fore him, but when it went clipping away, the sound growing fainter and fainter, it told that yawning chasm disputed his advance.

Tom shaped his course in the direction that he supposed would lead him to his camp; and with no other thought than that he would ultimately reach it, he moved on, dreaming of the beautiful apparition that had come from the clouds to his release. Many were his specula tions regarding her, the place of her abode, and the power she possessed. In fact he dwelt up on the matter so long, to the exclusion of other thoughts, that it suddenly occurred to him he had lost his course among the hills and val-

A dense mist obscured the sky and blotted out the moon and stars, and so there was nothing visible by which he might set himself aright; there was but a single course open to him by sound. Of this he resolved to avail himself, and at once placed his thumb and forefinger inside of his lips and blew a sharp, pierce ing whistle that cut through the air in far-off echoes. He repeated it a number of times, then in answer finally came the prolonged twang of a horn. He recognized it as his own by its peculiar tone, and with a lighter heart he bent his footsteps in the direction of the response Ever and anon he repeated his whistle and clear and distinct answered the horn.

Some distance before him the dim reflection of a light was seen, and as the hills and hollows ver which he was now passing had assumed an air of familiarity he felt assured that the light

shone from his own camp. He hurried on and soon came within view of the fire itself, and his heart gave a bound of joy and delight when he recognized a number f the familiar forms and faces of his own folowers standing around it. He quickened his footsteps almost to a run, and when about two nundred vards from camp a voice demanded: 'Who goes there? You, Tom?"

"Ay, Darcy Cooper," responded the young niner, advancing toward his friend; "but what re you doing here?"

Hunting you, Tom; where have you been? "Having a bit of lively adventure," was the eply. "A party of soldiers under one Major Braklace are encamped over here in the pass and, as they happened to meet me, the gallant major found it his duty to take me into cusody, and halter me up to a tree, as you would a festive mule with a frisky heel, and left me there to brood over my situation. But. Darcy what do you think? I, Tom Taylor, like John the Baptist, saw an angel descend from out the darkness in a robe of white and a halo of mist. A look of mercy was upon her lovely face, and what should that celestial creature do but approach me, cut my bonds and bid me go-and

what I say; and, what is more, the angel must have been one of the good disciples of Loyola, Mother, she not only made the sign of the cross on my breast, but upon my back, also," and as Tom concluded he laughed merrily over the

whole strange affair. "By heavens!" exclaimed young Cooper. naving obtained a glimpse of Tom's back, believe you now, Tom; and that her touch must have been one of fire, for there is a blazing cross this holy minute on your back!"

What's that?" exclaimed Tom "There is a glowing cross of fire on your back," repeated Darcy; "pugh! it smells like brimstone or phosphorus—it is a cross made of phosphureted ether. Tom, are you sure you are not mistaken as to the nature and nationality of your angel? Are you sure she came down tell you, boy, you smell of the Inferno. afraid you, Tom Taylor, unlike John the Bap-

tist, are mistaken in your angel. Tom took off his hunting-jacket, and, true enough, found a glowing cross upon the back

"By the royal society!" he exclaimed, "that girl, whoever or whatever she may be, has been practicing some deception on me—confound her retty, angelic picture!"

Darcy Cooper could not restrain an outburs of laughter at his young friend's annoyance and surprise. He saw that Tom had been in solemn earnest about his lovely visitor from the alme shove

'I shouldn't wonder, Tom," he finally said, 'if you heard from her soon again." 'Yes: I daresay this was put here by her in rder to guide her, or her friends, to our re treat; and, as it was done secretly, it could

have been done with no good intention, I am "Plague take such angels, Tom; they're nuisance to the country. "I tell you, Darcy, that girl's appearance She was

was attended with no little mystery. dressed in a loose, white robe, and did descend from the darkness above, without a single move-ment of the hand or body. She actually seem ed to float down upon the air by no other pow er than the volition of her own will. Of course if she was mortal, as I am now strongly in clined to think she is, her descent and were made by some material, yet invisible

"Most assuredly, Tom-but there goes your horn at camp. The boys are very uneasy about you, and for fear the continued blasts may oring those soldiers down upon us we had bet ter hurry in.

They moved on and entered camp, where Com's arrival was hailed with shouts of joy. Where have you been, captain? where have ou been?" were the questions that passed from

lip to lip. Tom's been out among the angels," said Darcy Cooper, a smile of mischief lighting up his face, "and one of them streaked him with

In explanation of Darcy's assertion, Tom was compelled to enter into a detailed account of she first touched earth, and, kissing the tips of his absence, concluding by taking them into

the darkness and showing the cross upon his

After the subject had been fully discussed, all agreed that the cross must have been made there for some purpose or other, that could be of no good to them; and, through fear of danger, one of the party suggested that they change the position of their camp immediately. Before the others could pass an opinion on the matter, the tramp of feet was heard, and the next moment the darkness gave birth to a dozen or more grim forms—the forms of men who stalked boldly into camp with a revolver in each hand, and confronted the young miners. (To be continued—commenced in No. 324)

THANKS "FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE HEART."

THANKS I RUM THE JEPTHS OF THE HEART."

Wellington, Lorain Co., O., Aug. 24, 1874.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—Your medicines, Golden Medical Discovery, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, have proved of the greatest service to me. Six months ago no one thought that I could possibly live long. I had a complication of diseases—scrofula, manifesting itself in eruptions and great blotches on my head that made such sores that I could not have my hair combed without causing me much suffering; also causing swollen glands, tonsils enlarged, enlarged or "thick neck," and large and numerous boils. I also suffered from a terrible Chronic Catarrh, and in fact I was so diseased that life was a burden to me. I had tried many doctors with no benefit. I finally procured one-half dozen bottles of your Golden Medical Discovery and one dozen Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and commenced their use. At first I was badly discouraged, but after taking four bottles of the Discovery I began to improve, and when I had taken the remaining I was well. In addition to the use of Discovery I applied a solution of Iodine to the Gottre or thick neck, as you advise in pamphlet wrapping, and it entirely disappeared. Your Discovery is certainly the most wonderful blood medicine ever invented. I thank God and you, from the depths of my heart, for the great good it has done me.

Wery gratefully,

Most medicines which are advertised as blood purifiers and liver medicines contain either mercu-

has done me. Very gratefully.

Mrs. L. CHAFFEE.

Most medicines which are advertised as blood purifiers and liver medicines contain either mercury, in some form, or potassium and iodine variously combined. All of these agencies have strong tendency to break down the blood corpuscles, and debilitate and otherwise permanently injure the human system, and should therefore be discarded. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, on the other hand, being composed of the fluid extracts of native plants, barks and roots, will in no case produce injury, its effects being strengthening and curative only. Sarsaparilla, which used to enjoy quite a reputation as a blood purifier, is a remedy of thirty years ago, and may well give place, as it is doing, to the more positive and valuable vegetable alteratives which later medical investigation and discovery has brought to light. In Scrofula or King's Evil, White Swellings, Goitre, Scrofulous Intammations, Indolent Inflammation, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin and Sore Eyes as in all other blood diseases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has shown its great remedial powers, curing the most obstinate and intractable cases. Sold by all dealers in medicines.

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NOT TOO LATE. Send at once for The Charmed Bottle. A bottle nearly 2 inches high, when charmed by the owner will lay down in any position he chooses, but when tried by a stranger it will always stand upright, which causes roars of laughter. The Magic Operaglass Watch Charm, when held to the light will show distinctly the main buildings of the Centennial Exhibition, which appear and disappear at will. The picture is magnified 10,000 times by a powerful lens, and the whole is finished in pure ivory. The Magic Watch Key with Key Ring will wind any watch, and hold 20 keys. The Patent Mocking Bird will imitate any bird in the air, and draw it near. Five Strange Pictures disclose, when closely examined, much more than you can at first see. The Dayenport Rope-Tring Trick (a great secret) will enable a person to get free in two minutes after being securely bound with 20 yards of rope. A Guide to the amateur Magician. A book of value. Either of the above, postpaid, 20c., or the lot, all seven, as samples, for only 50c. Send us 35c. and order the lot, and when you receive the goods send the remaining 15c. 'Satisfaction guaranted or money refunded. Address THE SOMERS CO. M'F'R'S, Exchange Building, Newark, N. J. 327-1t. 327-6t.*

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BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 William Street, New York.

THE GHOST OF MUSIC.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

He was a very pensive chap With hair exceeding long, He bought a two-dollar and a half accordeon, and went to blowing it strong.

With heroism misapplied
He pumped and fingered the keys,
And the music which he jerked out of it seemed to
imply a lack of harmony and grease.

That the instrument had lost some notes
Was plainly understood,
But unfortunately there wasn't enough of them
gone to do it any good.

We heard it every living hour, And in the hours between,
And a very debilitating cold in its nose had that
machine.

We wondered if his nervous power Such playing did not tax, And asked him if he wouldn't kindly let us help hin to play on it with an ax.

We told him Bergh would come around
As soon as he should learn
How he was knocking all the breath out of that instrument's body, and he answered, "You be
dern.'

And day and night his pensive soul On music's wings did soar,
Till in the course of six months it began to look like
it might eventually become a bore.

The soul of Thomasson rose in us, one day at noon that accordeon a broken dose of dynami for the purpose of raising the tune.

When he returned he picked it up,
But that was the last time;
There came a crash, and there wasn't enough of
that young chap found on which to make a
rhyme.

The coroner's jury sat on his hat,
Their verdict—"It appears
This young man's gone with his accordeon to join
in the Music of the Spheres."

The Men of '76.

MONTGOMERY, The Chivalrous Soldier

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

In Richard Montgomery we have a truly knightly character-brave, generous and just He asked no man to go where he would not lead. He deferred to authority and cheerfully sacrificed comfort, happiness and personal wish es to the demands of duty. He was patriotic from love of liberty and the rights of man. He was, as a soldier, ardent, quick to act and persevering even in the direct situations. As a leader he was prudent, wise and reliant. In many respects like Wolfe, his once-beloved leader, the Fates seem to have drawn both to the same field for their martyrdom-precious offerings on the altar of glory

Richard Montgomery was of Irish parentage Born in the north of Ireland, A. D. 1736, his tastes and temperament led him to the profession of arms. At the early age of eighteen he entered the British army and was assigned to service in America. He was present at the second siege of Louisberg, Cape Breton Island. (July 1758,) where his gallant conduct won him a lieutenancy. He served in Amherst's army, operating on Lake Champlain against the pow erful French forts, and thus obtained a local knowledge of the region wherein, at a later day, he was to act in a leader's capacity. conquest of Canada having been secured to the British arms, the seat of war with France drifted to the West India islands, where the two great powers met in magnificent combat-the prize being the superbly-fruitful island of Martinique. In that grand naval and land assault [see our sketch of Gates] Montgomery particiated and won for himself a captaincy. In the British service promotion is chiefly by purchase of commissions; hence, its army swarm with the sons of noblemen and gentlemen of means. For a soldier to mount from an ensigncy to a captaincy, by service alone, is a mark of exceptional merit. Such was Mont-

After the neace between France and Great Britain (1763) Montgomery returned to England and remained nine years, on leave of ab sence, still retaining his commission in the British army, but in 1772 he resigned that commission to come to America and participate in what his clear vision must have perceived was a coming struggle for nationality.

His record as a soldier, his courtly bearing. his fine intelligence, won for him a warm reception, and he soon made permanent his in terest in American affairs, espousing the daughter of Judge Robert R. Livingston. Then he retired to a farm in Dutchess county, on the banks of the Hudson, to enjoy the sweets of a

But, the spirit of discontent became the monitor of alarm; the long-gathering outburst came: the blow that fell at Lexington and Concord was the signal for every patriotic heart to assert its majesty. The call reached Montgomery in his just-dawning home life. He was elected to represent his country in the Provin-

Colden, the British Lieutenant-Governor, still maintained the semblance of authority, but the people's representatives were masters. A Committee of One Hundred, comprised of the best citizens of New York City, was organized as a Committee of Safety. It was composed of patriots and recognized royalists alike, for, not for a year after the battle of Bunker Hill, did the great mass of people really hope for and talk of independence; the fight, for the first year, was a mere rebellion against unjust taxation. Not until June 7th, 1776, was the subject of independence formally considered in the Continental Congress. Henry Lee, of Virginia, then introduced a resolution, declaring that United Colonies are and ought to be free and independent States-that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that their political connection with Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved."

This was treason, under English law-the "overt act" that would, if the rebellion failed. consign every open advocate of it to the gal But, the Colonies were prepared for that final step. A year's war had educated both people and representatives to the "overt Resistance to an unjust imposition of taxes had drawn armies together; had organized all the Colonies in a "Common Cause;" encouraged distaste for British rule and a for eign authority; and when Tom Paine burst out Philadelphia, in April, 1776, with his pamphlet called "Common Sense," the public heart so responded that Congress had to act. Lee's resolution was debated with closed doors, with every injunction to secrecy, and the immortal claration of Independence was the result.

Montgomery was, even thus early in the struggle, sleeping in a warrior's grave on the

scheme of life I had prescribed for myself; for, though entirely unexpected and undesired by me, the will of an oppressed people, compelled to choose between liberty and slavery, must be obeyed." The keynote to actions that led him to martrydom!

"At the time of receiving his comm says Irving, "Montgomery was about thirty-nine years of age and the beau ideal of a sol-His form was well proportioned and vigorous; his countenance expressive and pre-possessing; he was cool and discriminating in council, energetic and fearless in action. principles commanded the respect of friends and foes, and he was noted for winning the affections of the soldiery."

The capture of Ticonderoga and Crown

Point [see sketches of Ethan Allen and Arnold] made both Allen and Arnold eager for an im-mediate invasion of Canada before it could be strengthened by troops from Great Britain. Both men urged the matter on the several northern Colonial assemblies and on the Continental Congress. Washington, at an early stage of the contest, recognized the desira-bility of having Canada join in the revolution, and now, seeing the danger of a descent of British and Indians from the north, if Montreal and Quebec were not secured, entered into the scheme of invasion, or, rather, as it was understood, of co-operation with the ele ments in Canada favorable to the cause of the Congress assented, and authorized General Schuyler to assume command of the enterprise. Proceeding to Lake Champlain, he thence sent out emissaries into Canada, who all reported favorably to a "rising" upon the appearance of the American forces. A deputa-tion of Canadian chiefs visited Washington at the Cambridge camp, in August (1775) to offer their co-operation in securing Canada against the British, and then revealed the fact that the British commander in Canada, Sir Guy Carleton, was striving to enlist all the savages for a movement on the border settlements and the forts on Champlain. This determined Washington to hasten matters; so Schuyler was en-couraged to push forward into Canada, from Ticonderoga, where about two thousand troops were gathered for the expedition. At the same time, as a diversion, to keep Sir Guy from precipitating all his power against Schuyler's column in its advance by way of the Sorrel river against Montreal, Washington conceived the idea of a separate column, to advance up the Kennebec river and thence through the Maine forests against Quebec; and so communicated with Schuyler, then at Albany (holding a council with the chiefs of the celebrated tribes of the Six Nations, whose neutrality in the impending war he was aiming to secure, but whom the British were trying, by every device and authority, to precipitate on the New York and New Hampshire settlements).

Washington's scheme of a stroke at Quebec met with Schuyler's hearty approval. He there-fore arranged to move down the Sorrel river, against the British post at St. John, at or while Washington rapidly prepared to dispatch Arnold with 1,200 men against Quebec.

Montgomery was then in command at Ticon deroga, having been assigned, by the War Committee in Congress, to the Canada expedition, a next in authority to Schuyler. Acting with ready promptness, Montgomery, during July, had been watching Carleton's operations in preparing a flotilla on the Sorrel, and had resolved o occupy the Isle aux Noix, which commands the entrance of the Sorrel river to Lake Cham plain, just before receiving the order from Alpany to advance against St. John. Schuyler arrived at Ticonderoga on the night of August 30th (1775), to find Montgomery already gone. He pushed on, in an open boat, the next and, overtaking the expedition, occupied the Isle aux Noix September 4th. September 13th Arnold set out on his advance, from Cambridge Considering the ill condition of all means of com nunication, the want of proper appliances for the march, camp and field services, this rapidity of organization and movement shows the spirit of '76 in a most soldierly light.

Allen, having been rejected as an officer by Green Mou tain Boys"-which chose Seth Warner for its ientenant-colonel-proceeded to Ticonderoga and enlisted as a volunteer, under Schuyler He was dispatched, along with Major Brown as an emissary to stir up the Canadians (se sketch of Allen), and Schuyler moved agains St. John; but finding the place too strongly fortified, returned to Isle aux Noix to await reinforcements and proper guns from below. These coming forward, and Allen having reported the people as quite generally favorable to the invader's cause, a second advance was ordered, but, at the last moment, Schuyler's health gave out wholly, and while he returned by boat to Ticonderoga, Montgomery went for ward-now in sole command of that most ad-

venturous and important expedition.

The siege of St. John followed, but with most illy-equipped material both of guns and men. The latter were exceedingly insubordi nate, intolerant of command, and indifferent to who, enlisted for a brief term of service, made light of order, and trifled with duty to an exent that filled the heart of their commander with dismayed disgust. To attempt to do his heavy work with such a force seemed like

courting defeat. To add to his troubles, Ethan Allen made a lash upon Montreal, "upon his own hook," and was caught in a trap which, if it did not tame his rash spirit, effectually disposed of his person for many a month. His adventure, wholly without orders, was simply characteristic of the independence which gave Montgomery so much

Allen's capture induced Sir Guy Carleton to make a dash upon Montgomery, but he was soundly whipped by Seth Warner's Green Mountain Boys and Capt. Lamb's New York battery before he reached the besieging forces. An attempt by the Highlanders, under Col McLean, to go up the Sorrel to co-operate with Carleton, resulted in his repulse by Major Brown, and his return to Quebec. Chambles an inferior post, five miles below St. John, had been taken by Majors Brown and Livingston Oct. 13th. This gave Montgomery much need ed ammunition and stores, and put new vigor in the siege. When the disasters to Carleto and McLean were communicated to Major Preston, defending St. John, he capitulated (Nov. 3d), with five hundred British regulars and one hundred Canadian volunteers. Excellent war material was thus secured, and the

way opened to Montreal. Before that city Montgomery appeared, Nov. 12th, but Carleton had escaped down stream, the previous night, with all his troops and guns, much to Montgomery's disappointment, since it placed Arnold's corps-which had, on Nov. 9th.

*It was, in fact, the source of deepest anxiety to Washington himself. It took more than one year in the ranks to make the independent citizen the wrote: "The Congress having done me the honor of electing me a brigadier-general in their service, is an event which must put an "*It was, in fact, the source of deepest anxiety to Washington himself. It took more than one year in the ranks to make the independent citizen the dediction of electing me a brigadier-general in their service, is an event which must put an in the ranks to make the independent citizen the admirable Baron Steuben came to Valley Forge, and there gave proof of what discipline and obedience of the continents of the source of deepest anxiety to Washington himself. It took more than one year in the ranks to make the independent citizen the admirable Baron Steuben came to Valley Forge, and there gave proof of what discipline and obedience of the continents of the contine

end, for awhile—perhaps forever—to the quiet | after incredible hardships, made its appearance at Point Levi, on the St. Lawrence, opposite Quebec—in great danger. Montreal capitu-lated upon demand. The Americans were cheerfully received by all classes, and nothing remained but to change the new order of things, then to push on for a junction with Arnold for the assault on Quebec. Carleton, caught by the American batteries at the mouth of the river Sorrel, was not able to pass down to Que bec, with his flotilla, and Montgomery now aimed to capture the knight and all his force The capture was effected, but Carleton, in dis guise, rowed by six Canadians, escaped down stream, and eventually made his way to Que Montgomery secured Major-General Pres gett the late commander in Montreal who had tent and extravagance in your heart. so brutally misused Ethan Allen a few weeks

When the movement on Quebec was ordered to Montgomery's astonishment the great majority of the forces refused to go further. They argued-let Arnold do his own work. This in subordination caused Montgomery to resignan act which brought many of the men and officers to a sense of the injury they were doing the service, and the day after his resignation such apologies and explanations were given a impelled the commander to resume his efforts for an advance. But considerable numbers of the New England troops, despite all orders, did go home—three hundred in one body—all affected, as Schuyler wrote, with a desperate home sickness

To dwell on the distressing annoyances, him drances and disappointments which confronted Montgomery at every step, and which Schuy-ler, at Ticonderoga, was wholly unable, at that late and inclement season of the year, to prevent, is needless. It all forms only one of many unhappy chapters in the history of that war, fought under such terrible disadvantages. Even Schuvler himself was driven to give notice of

his own proposed resignation. With a mere skeleton force (about three hundred men), Mon gomery joined Arnold, Dec. 4th-assuming general command. The garrison of Quebec was defiant. Carlaton and Mc Lean were insolent. The American flags of truce were scorned. All efforts to reach the citizens of the town, to obtain their co-opera tion, were futile. Arnold's failure, in his firs operations [see sketch of Arnold] had rendered the enemy confident. A siege was therefore necessary. A siege by a force not exceeding nine hundred effective men, illy equipped in every respect! It was a mere pretense, of course, for nothing else remained. Guns were mount ed and did some destruction to the town, but not to the powerful fortifications. Then Mont gomery resolved, as the year closed the term of enlistment of the men, to attempt to carry the This attempt was made at place by storm. two o'clock in the morning of Dec. 31st, at odds which would have sickened other hearts than those of the two leaders, and of such spirits as Dan Morgan, whose exploits on that terrible day we have recorded. The brave Montgomery led the storming party along the river shore, doubling Cape Diamond, to strike the ower town-a way at all times dangerous, but trebly so then, when snow and ice cumbered the narrow passage. He was with the pioneers; the first barrier was surprised and won, after a brief struggle. Then he rushed on, at a battery, follow ed by his three hundred men, coming forward on the run. A single gun flashed from the battery and a winnow of death followed. Montgomer and one of his aids were killed almost instant Disorder ensued. Col. Campbell, dismay ed by the terrible loss, ordered a retreat. An advance would have been to victory. dead were left behind. Relieved of attack in that quarter, Carleton turned all his forces on the dauntless Dan Morgan, who had fought his way into the town. The death of Montgomery

and the wounding of Arnold was followed by Morgan's capture. That ended one of the most daring enter prises in the history of modern war. The body of the dead General was given honorable burial by a fee who knew how to admire valor. How Arnold deported himself, under wounds and defeat, we have written. All that hard, desname that was destined to be darkened forever with infamy. If, like Montgomery, he could have perished then, how precious would now

be his memory! Paul's church, New York city, by order of the State of New York, and deposited, July 8th. 1818, beneath the monument erected by Con gress, amid most imposing ceremonies. This monument, in the face of the Broadway front of St. Paul's, beneath the portico, is inscribed as follows:

"This monument is erected by the order of Con ress, 25th January, 1776, to transmit to posterity grateful remembrance of the patriotism, conduct interprise and perseverance of

MAJOR-GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY. who, after a series of successes amidst the mos discouraging difficulties, fell in the attack on Que bec 31st Dec., 1775. Aged 87 years."

A Woman's Guilt.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

ELLIS TREMAYNE laid his fork down with gesture half of impatience, half of discourage ment, and a frown that had no business on the forehead of a six months' married man, the hus band of the prettiest woman that promenaded Broadway, corrugated his handsome white fore

"You seem to have not the smallest appre ciation of affairs, Effle. I have explained time and again that I am living square up to my in come—not saving a penny—and yet you still persist in demanding money for every trifle that takes your fancy.

Ellis Tremayne spoke more decisively than Effie had ever heard him, and she mentally vowed him "horridly cross," and parted her red lips and leaned back in her chair with a very aggrieved look on her lovely face,

And it was lovely-Mr. Tremayne thought so that same moment, as he looked at the delicate pink-and-snow complexion, and the large dark-blue eyes that had played such mad havo with his heart a year ago-at the full, exquisite lips that had only seemed made for smiles and kisses then, that now were rapidly consummat ing their task of discovering the clay feet of his idol—that now were parting to utter words he knew were coming, that did come.

You are just as mean and cross as can be What's the use of living at all, if you can't have what you want-if you can't have things like ther people? I tell you I do think you might let me have some money this morning. I need it most awfully.

Her blue eyes certainly looked pleading nough to give entire credence to her asser

"I almost am tempted to say that cannot be true. Effie, since it was only a week ago to-day I handed you a hundred dollars—a sum amply sufficient for even the most inexperienced fin nancier on which to run a family of two."

forehead, but Effle only sneered.

"A hundred dollars! You speak as if it were fortune. I tell you, Ellis, I must have things

like—like other people. How on earth do you suppose I feel when Mrs. Coddington or Miss Belleburn calls for me to drive, wearing their elegant carriage costumes, and I in the same dress I appear in on the street or at church? Tremayne smiled contemptuously. "So you hope to rival the wife of a million-

aire, and the only daughter of a wealthy banker, do you? You, the wife of the cashier at Wingfield and Sons, on three thousand a year! Effle-have nothing to do with women who are, unconsciously, perhaps, sowing seeds of discon-

Ellis-you shall not say so. But I must have some money to get a new suit. Oh! Ellis, such noyance and harrassing worry. a heavenly shade of prune, and you know I can wear so well one particular shade, just the very one I saw at Stewart's. Honestly, I haven't a dress to wear to Judge Lamar's re-

Ellis ate his egg with very little show of sat isfaction, and his silence, while bitter thoughts Effie as signs of consent; and she was not slow in pressing her advantage

'It won't cost over a hundred dollars. Ellis -very reasonable, indeed, for I shall make it nearly all myself, and I am sure you can't be displeased at that. Then say yes, won't you,

A settled, white look came around his handome mouth.

"If you care more for show and fin clothes than for my respect and the conscious ness that you are an economical, prudent wife who is helping her husband save instead of almost goading him into debt-vou can have the

Her eyes flashed as delightedly as a child's over a new toy. She had accomplished her desire, and his cold, yet touching, words had fallen unheeded before that "you can have the

She sprung from her chair behind the coffe arn, and threw her arms around his neck, kissing his worried, handsome forehead.

'You darling! I knew you would not say no, for all you read me such a lecture on econo Really, Ellis, when you see how lovely I shall look in my new silk, you will not grudge the money, will you? You like to see me look as pretty as I used before we were married, don't you! And you're not angry, dear! you

do love me?" Her sweet, girlish face all alight with happy enthusiasm, her blue eyes dancing with such honest delight, her smooth cheek lying against and her dainty little hand stroking his whiskers-of course Ellis laid down his napking and pushed back from the table, and kissed

She was his wife-sweet, pretty, delicate as a mountain-pink, and he loved her; loved her dearly, truly as in the days when he had wor her thinking what a rare flower she was.

He loved her, and was willing, yes, anxious to increase her happiness by every honest means in his power -only, Effle was extravagant and unreasonable in her demand for dres and style that was beyond the capabilities of even the well-salaried man he was.

"There's your new silk, dear-may you en-

His forbidding manner had so entirely disappeared that Effie's heart was encouraged to undertake another pet plan.

So, as she demurely folded the money away in her pretty little crimson Russia pocket-book, she began, so quietly that Ellis was quite captured by storm:

"I was wondering if it would not be a good plan if we shut up the house for August, dear, and go somewhere. It will do you so much good, I'm sure, and there will be no expenses here while we're away. Can't we go to Long

Branch?"

almost staggering Tremayne.
"Oh, Effie, no! It would involve a larger expense, ten times, than it costs home.' seeing that well-known, martyr like expression settling on her face, that always drove him to desperation, he added, hastily: "If you can manage it, go yourself. I dare say some of

your fashionable friends will chaperone you. "Oh, may I, may I, really! Indeed I will manage it! I don't need many new things. I'm I have enough for the silk, and with a little more I can easily get what I absolutely

Ellis, you are a darling!" He laughed—not very joyously

"I am glad you think so. Well. I'm off!" Two hours later Mrs. Effic Tremayne, dress ed in an unexceptionably-elegant walking-cos tume started out on her shopping-tour, to meet at the silk counter in Stewart's Mrs. Godfrey Coddington, carelessly tossing over rare piece of evening silk.

"I am so delighted to have your taste on my new silks, my dear Mrs. Tremayne. Do tell me which you prefer, the salmon or the pearlblue or this sunnier pink? I intend to have a couple of them for Long Branch."

Long Branch! Mrs. Tremayne's cheeks

"I hope to see you at the shore. Mrs. Coddington, and in either this exquisite maize or silver pink."

"So you will be there? Do join our party —only Godfrey and sister Blanche and Nellie Belleburn and I—for next Thursday week, at the West End. Have you engaged rooms? What

It was certainly very delightful to be talked to thus, but once home there occurred little qualms of conscience, as, very, very gradually she felt herself drawn into arrangements she knew were far beyond her reach. And yet she knew were far beyond her reach. consented to Mrs. Coddington's kind offer that Mr. Coddington should secure rooms for her with his party. She made up her mind that the elegant stock of clothes that two hours ago she thought needed only a little renovation and small addition to make it all that was neces sarv, would not begin to do at all. And so beside the money her husband had given her being spent for the dozen and one trifling ac cessories that a well dressed woman's toilet de mands, there was folded away in a seldom-used compartment of Mrs. Tremayne's pocket-book an unreceipted bill for a hundred and ninety seven dollars, made out to Mr. Ellis Tre

Effle's blue eyes were dancing and her cheeks flushed when she was set down with her parcels from Mrs Coddington's carriage at her own door; and she had time and to spare before Ellis came in to the six o'clock dinner to look over her purchases, that, after all, seemed very few and small considering that horrid bill in her pocket-book, that she dreaded to show he husband for all the flushed gavety of her man-

"Ah, is there any need to tell him now?" she reasoned, while she removed her street

Darker frowns were gathering on Tremayne's suit, and donned a lovely black tissue. "Not the slightest use to tell him before I go away. He'll only make a fuss, and I do hate a fuss. Besides, after I'm home again, perhaps I can save it out of the market money.

So she quieted her conscience with the hope fully specious promises; and the next day, finding it impossible to get ready by herself in time to go with Mrs. Coddington's party, was obliged to employ the services of a high-priced dressmaker, whose bill for services she tucked away in her pocket-book also, and thus swelled the indebtedness of her husband fifty dollars more, to be paid when she returned.

Ah, when she returned! If she had only known, as she kissed her daintily-kidded hand to her husband, from the deck of the boat, as he stood watching her off, with a look in his eyes that was mingled love, sternness, pride, an-

"One of the prettiest women at the shore, and certainly the best dressed. She must be a millionaire's wife, at the least. Who did you say you understood she was?"

Old Mr. Wingfield put up his eve-glass as Mrs. Tremayne went by, fair to see as a lily, were rushing through his mind, was taken by in her carriage dress of tender cream tint, with her lace-covered pink-lined parasol making faint, rosy shades on her clear blonde face and brilliant golden hair.

She is a Mrs. Ellis Tremayne, from New York-with the Coddingtons, I believe, and putting up at the West End. A regular beauty,

Mr. Wingfield put his eye glass slowly back, staring after the Coddington carriag "Mrs. Ellis Tremayne? I suppose her hushand is here?"

"Not that I know of. Indeed, I think I neard young Ral Belleburn say he was unable to leave his business—a bookkeeper or something, I believe, for a firm in the city.

Mr. Wingfield arose from his chair with an odd smile on his face. "Mrs. Tremayne must either be mistress of the wonderful economy of making a dollar

travel both ways or else_ A boy with a yellow envelope tapped him on

"Oh, a telegram; from my son, I presume. Wait a minute.

He deliberately adjusted his glasses, and then opened the dispatch.

"Come at once. Everything traced to T.
"JASAR WINGFIELD."

And, as he returned the paper to the enve-ope, he looked up to see Mrs. Tremayne dashing by again, her face radiant with pleasure and excitement, as Ral Belleburn talked and laughed with her.

The pretty little house seemed so lonely and deserted after Effie had gone, and Ellis Tre-mayne threw himself wearily on the lounge in her boudoir, his face wearing marks of strangely contorted discouragement and excitement. For an hour or so he lay there, his eyes closed, his figure motionless, and then he arose with a half-groan of mental distress.

This will never do. I shall go mad if I stay here with only my thoughts for-

He had gone over to the little dressing-bu-reau, carelessly taking up two little pieces of paper, that Effle had entirely forgotten to hide and a pallor, even more marked than his late So now he kissed her tenderly, and then took out his wallet and laid a crisp greenback on the the two formidable bills.

Then something very like an oath came from his set teeth.

'My temptation be on her head-my-He sprung suddenly to his feet as the doorbell pealed imperiously, and listened with no ordinary curiosity as a man's voice demanded to see Mr. Ellis Tremayne, and heard the servant usher his company into the drawing-

A flerce, lurid light fairly corruscated in his eves, and he smiled horribly as he put his right and in his breast pocket as if feeling for something. Then he went slowly, slowly down stairs, into the presence of Mr. Wingfield and an officer of the law.

"Mr. Tremayne, you are discovered in your leat little system of embez

Ellis stepped haughtily back.

One moment, gentlemen, if you please. Mr. Wingfield, I am discovered. Twenty-four hours later I would have been beyond pursuit; as it is, what is the difference between a hunted life abroad, or-this?

Quick as a flash the silvery pistol gleamed in

A report—a heavy fall that thundered through the house like a doom—and the husband of a woman that was too unwomanly to bear her share in the burden of life—the woman enjoying her brief hour of pleasure on the sunlit ocean shore—the woman who had it in her power, as all women who are wives have, to goad to destruction, in some form or another, or guide to happiness and success, in some means or another, this husband who was less wicked than weak, went to his reward.

And who shall say whose was the guilt? Hers, or not, who knelt and sobbed over his dead face, and tried to reason into silence an inner voice that refused to be still?

Sister-wives, be you careful, lest, although your hands and heart are not stained with a crime like this -and many a wife's hands and eart are thus reddened to-day-be careful that it lays not at your door that your husbands' lose all their faith and trust in woman's sacred ow as well as blessed privilege to share eagerly in the economies and many petty grievances though they are, if not accepted in the spirit of nationce and love and forbearance, are the ittle vexes that destroy the vine beyond hope of recovery.

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